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More than you ever wanted to know about the history of the *C.G. Eye*

The *C.G. Eye* was the result of a synchronic event. Several years before starting the *Eye*, during my high school years, some friends and I had collaborated on creating a few zines, and in the early months of 1996 I'd vaguely been toying with the idea of writing another one that was a combination of an old-fashioned radical labor newsletter and a harshly satirical attack on the management of the company I was working for at the time (Creative Games International, or CGI, or "hell on earth" for those of us that worked there). At that point, all I had was a name, the *C.G. Eye*, which I thought was the perfect name since it both parodied the company name and was a play on the journalistic "eye." I hadn't started working on it yet (and may never have), but just about the same time, one of my co-wage slaves, Steve, created the *CGI News*. It was exactly what I had been envisioning: a rude, crude, bilious attack on the company. Steve was one of the first people in the plant to have a computer at home, and he generally used it for destructive purposes. Steve had been showing the *CGI News* around the plant (he had only printed one copy), and when I saw it I told him about the idea I'd had. We immediately decided to collaborate, with me doing most of the writing and Steve doing the design and layout. We decided to aim for a monthly issue, and I went home that night and immediately wrote my first column. The following day we had the first issue ready for copying. (Copying, of course, was done exclusively on company photocopiers, because in addition to criticizing the company, we wanted to waste its resources and destroy it.)

Steve's design and layout varied with each new issue of what became the *C.G. Eye* volume 1. Graphics consisted mainly of clip art, and the header design changed each month. Besides the text content of each issue in volume 1, there were several other highlights. First, Steve and I created a picture that became the icon of the *Eye*. I had taken some company promotional materials, and done old-school cutting and pasting (the kind that actually uses scissors and glue) to create an image that showed the decapitated heads of the company officers laying on the ground or mounted on stakes in front of the company building. I was taking several days to get the image to Steve, because I was trying to find a good picture of flames that I could paste onto the image so that it would look like the building was burning in the background (the title of the image was "Worker's Paradise", by the way). Steve became impatient and said he would add the flames in Photoshop, which he did, and our flagship image was completed in time for the first issue.

After producing the first issue, we were a bit nervous about distributing it, fearing that if it fell into the hands of mis-management we'd be fired. (Not that there would have been any doubt as to who was publishing the *Eye*, but we decided to use noms de plume to protect ourselves in case mis-management did come across a copy. During the production of volume 1, there were only two regular contributors: Steve used the name "Lestat," (after the vampire in Anne Rice's books) and I used "Ragnar Danneskjold" (named for a character in Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* who went around attacking and blowing up businesses; I thought it was appropriate). However, as the first issue made its way around the plant, people would come up to Steve and I asking for copies and, fortunately for us, giving us material to use. By far the best thing we received was a series of three photographs of the plant manager's son (and a beneficiary of a nepotistic consultant position) in some strange poses (fourteen years later and I still have no idea what the hell he's doing). Someone working in the pre-press department found the pictures while moving some equipment and held on to them until she saw the first issue and decided they would have a good home at the *Eye*.

The *Eye* was in many ways an outlet for employee anger. During the run of volume 1, CGI was going through a period of layoffs, shortened hours, little work, and extreme tension. We had all heard about the plans to move to a new building in another town, and as production shut down for the move, we saw more and more of our co-workers being shown the door. The best issues from volume 1 have to do with reporting of rumors and stories about company waste and insensitivity toward the workers.

The highlight of volume 1, though, was undoubtedly Steve's poem, which received more notice than anything else the *Eye* ever published. Steve had written the poem for the June 1996 issue, and it's worth reprinting in its entirety here:

i was driving to work, just the other day
i saw fat big daddy, while on my way
i pulled along side that fat piece of shit
he was chewing on chuckles, and choking on spit
i looked in his eyes and said, "hey you fat jerk"
"how tough are you now? we're not in our work"
i smashed in the side of his big, ugly car
he got out and ran but he didn't get far
he tripped on the curb and fell right on his belly
he farted out chuckles and some K-Y jelly
i kicked in his face, he started to cry
i beat on his head and said "die bastard die!!!!"

(The references to "chuckles" had to do with the fact that the plant manager, nicknamed "Big Daddy," loved the jellied candy, "Chuckles." One of the things we'd do to irritate him was to buy all of the Chuckles out of the vending machines every day and throw them out so he couldn't have any.) After we distributed the issue, it took only a few hours before we started hearing about it from everyone. Middle mis-management, who we had been trying to keep the *Eye* away from, were the first to comment. We thought we'd be fired or at least disciplined, but middle management loved it, and I'll never forget my boss calling me at home and laughing hysterically while he read it to me (and while telling me to be careful about distribution). It indicated how unpopular Big Daddy was even among his mis-management team. One other effect it had was to drastically increase the number of people on the mailing list. Out of around 100 people at the plant, nearly 60 of them were on the mailing list within a month after the poem appeared.

Like all good things, the first volume of the *Eye* came to an end. We had slowed down on the production of issues after a while, and I felt we should do an official wrap-up to bring the *Eye* to an end. It was the first issue for which I did both the writing and design, and I created a header which would later become the standard header for volume 2.

After the last issue of volume 1 was released, I still had a bunch of stuff collected for use in future issues that I needed to do something with. They were mainly things that had been passed around or posted on the bulletin board of the plant, along with a few notes and other ephemeral objects; many were also things that had come out before the *Eye* started publication. I collected them all and put them together for our first multi-page release, titled the *Eye Classics Series*. In a sense, it became the "workers' archives" for that period, and documented our feelings toward the company along with the *Eye*. Publishing significant memos and notes from our co-workers became a tradition that continued with the second *Eye Classics* release, and with volume 2, which intentionally tried to give a sense of history to what was happening in the plant. After the first *Eye Classics* was released, I thought that the *Eye* was closed permanently; until the "CGI Renaissance" happened.

In the early part of 1997, Erin, one of the press operators, wrote a short story using a number of the plant workers as characters. The story, *The Ins and Outs of My Life*, was a perverse story about an escape from a whorehouse and a resulting road trip, where many of the people in the plant served as foils for Erin's main character. It had no real plot or story structure, but it was funny as hell, and insulting to everyone. I asked Erin if I could type it up and distribute it, which I did. After I passed the story around, one plant rat decided he didn't like the way he was portrayed in the story, and complained to mis-management. Erin was called in for a talking to, which, as usual, resulted in nothing.

Actually, not nothing, it resulted in Erin's follow-up story, *The Dirty Baker's Dozen*, a military adventure story that again used our fellow workers as characters. Mis-management's heavy-handed

response, along with Erin's stories, inspired me to try my hand at writing a story too. I immediately started on *Invasion of the Profit Snatchers*, which I wrote over the course of two or three days. I used the nom de plume L.D. Lombrosis, which was taken from the name of an evil entity that supposedly visited Ted Kaczynski in a dream. That nom de plume stuck until part way through the publication of volume two.

Sometime in late 1997 or early 1998 I had again collected a bunch of material that had been distributed or posted in the plant, so I decided to put out a second volume of the *Eye Classics Series*. The second *Classics* edition also acted as a precursor and announcement to the beginning of the second volume of the *Eye*. In March 1998 the first issue of the second volume appeared. Volume two had a standardized masthead, with the phrase "the Vanguard of Sleazy Instant Ticket Sweatshop Reporting" under the title (a parody of the company's slogan "the Vanguard of Instant Ticket Production," or some similar bullshit). The design was also somewhat standardized; my choice of the nom de plume L.D. Lombrosis made me choose a Kaczynski-inspired luddite aesthetic, using a beat up old manual typewrite for all the content, and hand clip-art rather than computer clip-art. (The Lombrosis nom de plume only lasted a single issue in to the new volume, however) I also started to include selections from *Industrial society and its future* (the Unabomber manifesto) in every issue, mainly to scare the hell out of mis-management in case an issue fell into their hands. This was the first time (other than the inclusion of a poem by Martin Espada in one issue of volume one) that the *Eye* had included material from sources outside the plant. I also tried to have longer issues (all volume one releases had been single page editions), and tried to develop themes for each issue; workplace violence and unionization were two of the main themes we visited several times, including an all IWW issue. But we also tried to broaden our coverage, including subjects related to cultural, political, and social criticism, particularly related to issues of corporate culture. Criticism of mis-management remained a constant, of course.

The first issue of volume two was a call to arms, literally. It was a somewhat tongue-in-cheek incitement to violence in the workplace, egging people on to punch out the bosses. As fate would have it, several days after the publication of that issue, Matt Beck, an employee of a firm that contracted with us, went on a workplace shooting spree, killing a bunch of people and himself. While I could have issued a weak apologia about the workplace violence article, I decided to go full steam ahead and celebrate the violence in the next issue. (Not that I believe in any kind of violence, but the *Eye* didn't back down from a challenge). Starting with the next issue, I changed my nom de plume to Ho Chi Beck in honor of Matt Beck, and wrote my next column about the shootings.

I also changed the distribution policy with the new edition, only giving the issues to people who submitted material, mainly because I was trying to work up some pro-union sentiment at the time, both within and without the *Eye*, and didn't want to be fired for trying to organize a union. As a result of the new policy, our tradition of pseudonymous authorship continued, with each of the contributors picking their own names: Scagally Crag Man, Paduca Pete, Rhett Butler, and Stallard Lacy (our only non-plant author).

The new incarnation was also short-lived, only running until August 1998. At that point, I felt I had done everything I could do with the *Eye*, and I concentrated my energy on simple physical destruction of company property. Sometime in 2000 we found out that the plant was closing and everyone not moving out of state with the company would be losing their jobs. The months from the announcement until the actual closing in 2001 were stressful and worthy of a story in themselves. In April 2001, when the plant finally did close, I put out a final issue. For the first time, the *Eye* didn't have a negative tone; rather, there was a request for everyone to do better in the future. Looking back, the end of CGI was sort of like the end of the Bush administration (which had just started when the plant was moving): there was a hope that we could do better in the future, but a definite understanding that we had been fucked hard.

Solidarity, and enjoy,
DS (Ragnar Danneskjold/L.D. Lombrosis/Ho Chi Beck)

The *C.G. Eye* – Volume 1

The C.G-Eye



Volume 1 Issue 1

april 1996

Well the Canadian invasion has come and gone and the news from the front lines seems less than encouraging. it seems like Canadian Bacon notes are as useless as the bunch of moron weasel fucks (the current administration) that are currently running this poor excuse for a shithole into the ground. not one head from up front has rolled. well what do you expect from the people who were stupid enough to invest money in this sinkhole??

by the way, dont you think its kind of funny that most of the victims of the layoffs were the biggest pods in this place????

i always like a little justice and sometimes we even get some in here

on the brighter side , we havent seen much of the mismanagement team lately. i guess they're all really busy using their copious talent and intelligence getting shithole #2 up and running. if they have as much luck getting these two presses running as they did the Taiyo, we might get a roll out by the end of the year.

Ragner Danneskjold



the photo on the left shows an artists depiction of a C.G.I "POD"

the photo below is one of three photos of the creator of "enviro-plus" paper. we will run one in each new issue of the C.G-EYE you try to guess what the hell he is doing



smoke them while you can:
when C.G.I is moved to the new building there will be no smoking allowed inside and i doubt they will let everyone out for breaks so get used to the idea of a non smoking building because it is reality at the new plant



next issue

C.G.I in flames

Readers Write

Brian part 2

guest editorials (so send yours in today)

The C.G-Eye



Volume 1 Issue 2

may 1996

Word has come down about the first of what will probably be many more layoffs. 9 people in packaging are getting "the axe"

with most of the others to follow as soon as the last game is finished. How thoughtful of those lying pigs up front to keep exploiting these people up until the last possible minute. "thanks for all your help and by the way, we wont be needing you anymore" By the way, next time i hear somebody whine "but i need my job" i'm going to punch them in the fucking face. Also , dont you love how those chickenshit, money grubbing scumfucks sent middle management to do their dirty work and lay off all those people?? if they had any balls whatsoever they would have had some sort of meeting to actually inform us about what was going on, but that would take some common decency and we all know from experience that decency is one quality in very short supply. well guess what?? we have found someone up front with a little decency. Stay tuned next issue for an interview with one person in management who IS giving us some info , and therefore wishes to remain anonymous

Ragner danneskjold



here is C.G.I in flames as we promised in issue 1



next issue:

Sodomized again

brian part 3

another interesting editorial

We are hoping to get a guest editorial from an ex-c.g.i employee who did alot for the anti-C.G.I movement, Stay tuned

The C.G-Eye



The vanguard of sleazy instant ticket sweatshop reporting

In last months issue of The Eye, we promised you an interview with a manager who had broken the silence about the future of this shithole. unfortunately, we have recieved word from our source that the information given to us is already outdated. but dont worry, the situation looks just as bleak as ever. we will attempt to get an updated report A.S.A.P and we will get it to you as soon as we can. So how about that Taiyo?? even in my wildest fantasies i have never imagined running 85% scrap on a game, but this place never fails to satisfy our lust for this companies demise. I think the money they spent on that piece of shit would have been better invested in lobotomies for upper management, or at least some fucking AIR CONDITIONING!!!! Tempers are running pretty high in this heat and those ignorant mother fuckers had better get some goddamned A.C in here before a riot breaks out. I thought this shithole was a sweatshop before! By the way. if you want to submit any articles, poetry, artwork, hate

mail, etc. to The Eye , please do. this is an open forum (the only one in here) so use it. submissions need to be in the friday before we receive our paychecks to be in the next issue. we will be starting to put out The Eye bi weekly rather than monthly, which makes us the only thing in this company in which production has increased, and with no shortage of material in sight.

R.D

C.G.I Written by: Lestat

i was driving to work, just the other day
i saw fat big daddy, while on my way
i pulled along side that fat piece of shit
he was chewing on chuckles and choking on spit
i looked in his eyes and said "hey you fat jerk"
"how tough are you now? we're not in our work"
i smashed in the side of his big ugly car
he got out and ran but he didnt get far
he tripped on the curb and fell right on his belly
he farted out chuckles and some K-Y jelly
i kicked in his face , he started to cry
i beat on his head and said "die bastard die!!!!"



*here is the last picture of brian
we hope you enjoyed them.
"The Eye"*

The C.G-Eye



Friday August 9th we here at the Eye witnessed our biggest story yet, the first major confrontation between Mismanagement and the workers. after Repeated requests to end the slave-like hours they were being forced to work the pressmen finally got together and issued a letter signed by all the pressmen (except one "Scab" who shall remain nameless) saying they werent going to work on friday. Well the shit hit the fan when our benevolent Leaders came in friday morning only to find an empty pressroom. Reliable reports say that "Big Red" and the "Shyster" said "fire everyone" but more level heads prevailed . The big question now is whether or not management will retaliate. Those bastards are too sleazy and spineless to lose gracefully so i expect something to happen. Lets just hope the workers stick together again because that is the only way to get what we want.

On an unrelated Issue:.... I recently heard C.G.I being used as a word. so in order to spread the use of this new word the editors of the Eye will now give you a lesson on the definition and the use of "to C.G.I" C.G.I-verb "to cheat somebody"(especially out of money) or to try to bullshit somebody(examples.) "he C.G.Ied me out of 50 bucks" or "are you trying to C.G.I me mother fucker" or maybe "if i find out your C.G.Iing me i'll kill

We have missed the past month or so in bringing the Eye to you So lets look at some recent developments. The "Shyster" Stole all your 401K money so he could make payments on all of the debts they racked up recently.you want to know who payed for the A.C??? you probably did!!!!And of course Senile old dinosaur finally got slapped down to where he belongs, as a Figurehead with no real power. maybe things are starting to turn around, Yeah Right!!!

R.D

"Working our Slaves to Death"

THE C.G-EYE

The foremans wallet

a poem by Martin Espada

At the printing plant, I operated the machine that shrink wrapped paper in clear plastic. The bosses were Jehovah's witnesses, men pale as cheese who sold bibles door to door on sundays. They were polite, and assembled the crew one night to explain politely that all of us were unemployed by 11:00pm. No government contracts. The plywood office door pulled shut. Steve set the first wheel of paper Rolling across the floor, Dave speared the soda machine with a two by four, Erin winged unstapled copies of Commanders Digest so they flew, with their diagrams of bombers, through the room. Towers of legal pads collapsed, fist-fired paper grenades hissed overhead. A forklift truck without a driver bumped blindly down the aisle and we all saluted. If we knew any songs we would have sung them. Saboteurs were unscrewing the punch clock and rearranging the parts like paleontologists toying with the backbone of a stegosaurus when the forman arrived, his adolescent voice whining authority. He was my last job. The conspiracy to shrink wrap the foremans head, turning red in a wrestling hold was a failure, his head was too big to squeeze through the machine, and even the radicals among us relented when his eyes steamed with tears. So we shrink wrapped the foremans wallet, gleaming in the fresh plastic like a pound of hamburger "here is your wallet," I said. And Mine

Bonus Issue

**This is a special
release of the EYE.**

**it is just a few cool
articles we found
along the way. we
hope you enjoy this
material and feel
free to contribute
any material you
think we would find**



Above is a photo of Richard "the scab" Rainville replacing a gear on the Taiyo press and Chewing on his tongue like the fucking retard he is

**If you answered yes to several of
these questions, your job may be
headed for the chopping block**



Is Your job safe?

Is a corporate layoff lurking in your future? ask yourself these questions:

1. When you get up the guts to say "promote me or lose me" does your boss show concern, or a sudden fondness for counting ceiling dots?
2. Does your paycheck remind you of that old led zeppelin album "the song remains the same?"
3. Has your boss asked, "what kind of future do you see for yourself here?"
4. Do you feel your companies product is an 8 track cassette in a CD world?
5. Are you merging with another company whose CEO is nicknamed "the guillotine"?
6. Did you get a memo saying your performance review has been cancelled until further notice?
7. Does your christmas bonus give you visions of Bob Cratchit?
8. Are you the highest paid person in a department where business isnt exactly booming?
9. Have your job responsibilities been trimmed back to the point where you've got time to rearrange your desk accessories--- DAILY?
10. Do executives repeatedly cancel meetings you've scheduled because of time constraints"?then you see them outside playing lawn volley-

The C.G-Eye

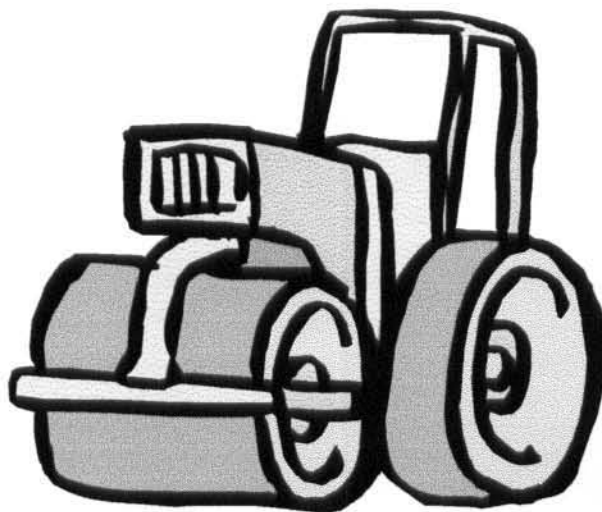


"Stupid Fucking clowns!!"

As you have probably all heard, due to the bumbling incompetence of the mismanagement team (one dinosaur in particular) we have lost the Mexico account. Believe it or not it seems like "carsick" made a promise to Mexico that we didn't keep. I don't know about you but I'm shocked! What really surprises me is that we didn't lose the contract just on the shitty quality of our work alone. Is Connecticut next?

The other scandal this week involves GTech. Apparently when we were moving out of the old building "Carsick" and "Pissant" ordered the place stripped down to bare bones. Everything was taken. Lights, wiring, paper towel dispensers, cabinets, etc. One small problem- It didn't belong to us!! GTech flipped out when the building inspector wouldn't allow the building to be occupied because of all the missing shit and damage so we have to put it all back. Rumor has it that the two afore mentioned assholes took all the copper from the wiring, sold it for scrap and pocketed the fucking money. The editors of the Eye suggest firing the bastards. Either that or public Flogging

R.D





THE C.G.-EYE



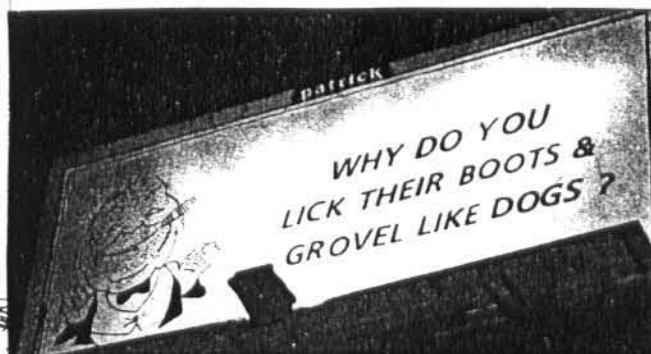
WHAT THE JOB AD SAYS WHAT IT MEANS

Advancement opportunity	Shit job
Entry level	Really a shit job
No experience necessary	The mother of all shit jobs
Administrative assistant	Shit job with a title
Ground floor opportunity	Shit job with a company that will file bankruptcy within a year
Progressive company	Employees get to wear jeans every other Friday
Team player	Must deal with dangerously territorial co-workers with rabid personalities
Upbeat personality	Must neither threaten us with any kind of lawsuit nor use the drug & alcohol rehab benefit within the first year
Word processing skills essential	There's a crippling case of carpal tunnel syndrome in your future
Public relations	Receptionist
Professional appearance important	\$20 K/year job that requires a \$100 K/year wardrobe
Pleasant telephone manner	Be the voice of 1-900-SUCK
Earn up to \$300/hour!	Be 1-900-SUCK
Salary range \$24,000 to \$32,000	The salary is \$24,000
Jeans job!	Minimum wage temp job in concentration camp conditions
Will train	Prior conviction of a felony or two no problem
B.A. required, master's preferred	Must be an M.A. willing to work on a B.A.'s salary
Civil service	This job was filled from the inside six months ago
Women & minorities encouraged	White males need not waste the stamp
to apply	Health insurance
Outstanding benefits package	We took all the heinous tasks no other employee would do and rolled them into one job
Tons of variety!	Telemarketing
Top-notch communication skills	Brand new ticky-tacky windowless building where the picture frames all match the carpeting
3e offices in attractive location	Woman-only job with the responsibilities of management and wages of a migrant worker
Secretary	The most powerful position in any company
Executive secretary	You're looking at a minimum of 80 hours a week from now until we force you into early retirement
Dedicated	We'll pay you whatever the hell we feel like
Salary commensurate	We'll take the lowest bidder
Salary negotiable	We'll pay you up to 10 percent more than your last job, and not one penny more
Competitive salary	Ten cents above minimum wage
Competitive starting salary	A staff of pod people
Pleasant atmosphere	Zombie pod people
Professional atmosphere	Pod people from hell
Fun, creative atmosphere	Zombie pod people from hell
Dynamic atmosphere	Anyone who actually applies for this job deserves it
Gal Friday	Open to very broad interpretation since no one really knows what this means
Self-starter	

You are now holding the final issue of the Eye. The Editors have decided to jump ship before this place finally does fold, and to help the rest of you, we have included the chart at the left to prepare you when you have to start looking for work elsewhere, if you don't already have another job.

Also, to celebrate the exodus of Carrick, we have included two works of art by a former CGI employee entitled "Jim and the Alien", and "Jim eaten by a T. Rex". Try to guess which is which.

R.D.



The C.G. Eye Classics Series

The vanguard of sleazy instant ticket sweatshop reporting


The C.G-Eye



CLASSICS SERIES

Return with us now to those golden days of yesteryear, when Gene Smith and Jim Carrick roamed the pressroom, and the Eye had not yet opened. We have for you a collection of pre-Eye work which you may or may not have seen around the pressroom at the old building. To begin with, we have a job jacket for a game which was never run, then some various artwork, and a short graphic novel about the inner workings at cgi, and don't miss the collected works of Henry "Butchie" Joly, and finally the C.G.Eye Individual Employee Damage Statement for 1996.

Has anything changed?



Thanks, God, for providing me
with a lovely job and
such charming co-workers!

"FLEXO PRESS" CHECK OFF LIST

CUSTOMER:

C.G.I MANAGEMENT

DATE:

more everyday

GAME NAME:

'CARRICKS COUSINS'

PRESS OPERATOR:

Cousin Ed

SUPERVISOR:

Cousin Bob

GAME NUMBER:

999666

QUALITY CONTROL:

Cousin Lou

"GAME SPEC'S"

GAME TYPE:	genetic
ORDER QUANTITY :	4 more per wk
GAMES PER WEB:	1
TOTAL NUMBER AROUND:	6(for now)
TOTAL RUN QUANTITY:	1,000,000
TICKET SIZE:	varies
TICKETS PER BOOK:	100
BKS: Channel/Total	10000
TKS: Channel/Total	1,000,000
STARTING BOOK NUMBER:	1
TYPE OF STOCK:	enviro-plus
OVERALL WIDTH:	50"(around gut)
CROSS PERF:	no
EXTRA PERFS:	no
CUSTOMER SAMPLES (BOOKS):	200(per cousin)
SHIPPING DATE:	from GA any day now

"JOB CHECK OFF LIST"

✓ ✓

OP QC

CORRECT LAYOFF ORDER
LIES ABOUT TEXAS
LIES ABOUT FLORIDA
CONSISTENT MISTREATMENT
"OUT OF PHASE" W/ REALITY
SHOOTING FROM THE HIP
ALL QC SIGNOFFS IGNORED

[illegible]

"PRESS SET-UP"

	INK TYPE	PART NUM.
STATION #1	BRYANS 'BORROWED' UV FORMULA	
STATION #2	OPEN - FOR INCOMING RELATIVES	
STATION #3	PATTY PEROXIDE	
STATION #4	JOHN CARSON RED	
STATION #5	GENE SMITH YELLA	
STATION #6	KESHURA YELLOW	
STATION #7	JCI LEISURE SUIT BROWN	
STATION #8	C. KAISAND SNAKE IN THE GRASS GREEN	
STATION #9	BOB STORTI ORANGE TOOTH	

✓ 3.

--	--

DATE: 2/20/94

FLEXO PRESS LOG

3-25

He D.D it AGAIN today. I'm starting to worry
ABOUT MY HEALTH. I DONT KNOW WHO I SHOULD
CONFRONT ABOUT THE DAMAGES. HE WONT LIKE BEING
INSTITUTIONALIZED. ITS THE NUFFIN INSIDE ME. PODS
ARE CALLING MY NAME IN THE SHADOWS OF FEAR, I LIVE!!

MARC SET UP PERS: HA-HA-
DORKS, How you LIKE ME NOW?

RUN 2 HITS OF UV J9374H w/
2 PLATES in #1 & 2, no water BASE
Either use OXY speed 230 FPM NOT
much faster

FEIFFER

I CALLED HOME
YESTERDAY

YEAH?



COUSIN LUCY BECCA
UNCLE OTIS AND
AUNT BERTHA NEED JOBS

SO?

WHY DON'T WE JUST
WORK THE EMPLOYEES TILL
THEY CRACK UP AND QUIT



THEN WE CAN HIRE THE
WHOLE FAMILY AND
A COUPLE FRIENDS
TOO!!

PAPERWORKS ON
THE DESK

I RAN OUT
OF PEROXIDE
YESTERDAY
TOO!!

I THOUGHT YOUR
HAIR LOOKED
UNCOMMONLY HEALTHY

YOU SURE KNOW
HOW TO SAY
ALL THE RIGHT
WORDS

WELL THANKS,
I APPRECIATE
IT!!!



©1995 QUINCY HERTZ 1:12

BY THE UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

Steve Lemire

March 1995



oileo,
for bum
hole keeo!



YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART, DON'T YOU?
YOU THINK YOU'RE A REAL...

CONNIVER!



IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS NOW! FIVE MISERABLE PAINFUL YEARS OF WORKING... SWEATING... WHILE HE'S TAKEN ALL THE CREDIT! YOU HATE HIM... HATE EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM! HE'S THE BIGGEST PIECE OF SHIT IN THE WORLD.

YOU WATCH HIM AS HE ENTERS HIS LUXURIOUS PRIVATE OFFICE... THE OFFICE YOU SHOULD BE IN! YOU WATCH HIM, AS YOU HAVE EVERY MORNING FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS! DRINKING A GLASS OF HIS EXPENSIVE IMPORTED URINE!



GODDAMMIT! WHY IS THE FLEXYO DOWN!!!

GOOD MORNING, MR. CARRICK

MORNING, PARR.



WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT, GENE?

WELL, SKEET...

YOU LOOK IN HIS BIG
FAT PIG-LIKE EYES!
HE MUST BE
DESTROYED!



SPEAK
UP, YOU INBRED
FREAK!

THAT SWEET TONE! THAT
FALSE ACT OF FRIENDSHIP HE
PUTS ON! YOU'RE WISE TO
THAT! HE WANTS WHAT HE CAN
GET OUT OF YOU... THAT'S ALL...



WELL, MR. CARRICK!...
I HAVE AN IDEA...

HE LISTENS, AS HE HAS DONE FOR FIVE
YEARS, WHILE YOU OUTLINE YOUR PLOT!
HE NODS HIS HEAD AND



YOU KNOW
WE DON'T APPROVE
OF THINKING!

YES, MR.
CARRICK,
SORRY!

SURE IT'S GREAT! ALL YOUR IDEAS ARE GREAT! THAT'S
WHY THE PLAN IS SUCH A SUCCESS! BECAUSE OF
YOU... AND YOUR IDEAS! YOU GO INTO YOUR BARE
LITTLE OFFICE AND SIT DOWN AT YOUR DILAPIDATED
DESK...



I SHOULD BE IN THERE! I SHOULD BE
SITTING AT THAT THOUSAND-DOLLAR DESK!
I SHOULD BE DRINKING THAT IMPORTED WINE!

HE TAKES THE CREDIT FOR ALL MY WORK! WHEN
SALES SOAR, THEY SLAP HIS BACK... RAISE HIS
SALARY! ME! I JUST SIT HERE WAITING FOR HIM TO DIE
DIE!!!



SUDDENLY THE IDEA CREEPS INTO YOUR BRAIN! A COLD
SHUDDER RUNS DOWN YOUR SPINE! OF COURSE! IF HE
SHOULD DIE... YOU'RE NEXT IN LINE! BUT... HOW...
HOW...



I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A WAY! FIGURE
OUT A WAY TO... TO GET RID OF HIM...

MISS ALANA INFORMS YOU THAT DAVE KING IS
WAITING TO SEE YOU! DAVE IS ONE OF YOUR
ARTISTS! HE'S DELIVERING A COMPLETED JOB! THE
LAST ONE HE'LL BE DOING FOR A WHILE! DAVE IS
GOING TO BE MARRIED! YOUR BRAIN WHIRLS! THIS
IS IT...



COME IN, DAVE COME IN!

HY, MR. SMITH
HERE'S THE JOB!
RIGHT ON TIME,
TOO!

YOU GAZE AT THE PAGES, BUT YOUR EYES SEE NOTHING! YOUR MIND IS MILES AWAY! YOUR MIND IS ON... **MURDER!**

SIT DOWN DAVE! THE STUFF LOOKS GREAT! REALLY GREAT! I'LL TAKE IT IN TO THE BIG DADDY!

(FUCK HIM, MAN!)



YOU KNOCK ON MR. CARRICK'S DOOR AND ENTER! HE SITS WITH HIS FEET PROPPED UP ON HIS DESK, PUFFING AN EXPENSIVE CIGAR! SOON, YOU SAY TO YOURSELF, SOON THAT WILL BE YOU THERE...

WHAT IS THIS FUCKING CRAP! MY RETARDED DAUGHTER COULD DO BETTER! I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THAT, ASSHOLE!



YOU GO OUT! YOU KNOW NOW EXACTLY HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT! IT'LL BE SIMPLE! OH, SO SIMPLE!

WELL GENE DO SOME OF IT OVER, KID! SAY?



YOU SHOW HIM WHAT HAS TO BE DONE! CHANGE THIS... RE-DRAW THAT... ELIMINATE THOSE... BUT GENE THIS'LL TAKE ME THREE DAYS! I'M SUPPOSED TO GET MARRIED TOMORROW!



SORRY DAVE BUT IT ISN'T ME! IT'S HIM... THE BIG DADDY



GEE! CAROL WILL BE PLENTY MAD, GENE, POSTPONING THE WEDDING.

JUST A COUPLE OF DAYS, KID! THEN YOU HAVE TWO WHOLE HOURS OFF



HE LEAVES WITH THE JOB! YOU SIT DOWN AT THE TYPEWRITER! IT'S WORKING OUT PERFECTLY! PERFECTLY! WHEN DAVE COMES IN, THREE DAYS LATER, YOU'RE READY... WITH THE NEXT STEP...

WELL, HERE IT IS... ALL FINISHED, GENE

YEAH, KID! SURE! SURE! ONLY... GEE, I FEEL CROOKEDDER THAN A DOG'S HIND LEG.



WHAT IS IT, GENE WHAT'S WRONG?

IT ISN'T ME, DAVE BELIEVE ME! FOR MY PART, YOU COULD TAKE OFF AND GET MARRIED THIS MINUTE! IT'S HIM! THE BIG DADDY! HE WANTS YOU TO DO ANOTHER JOB BEFORE YOU GET MARRIED AND LEAVE ON YOUR HONEYMOON





YOU HANG TO YOUR S: TO YOURSE THE PHONE EMPTY DARI RINGING... R SHE NOT TH

YOU HANG UP AND GO BACK TO YOUR SEAT! YOU SMILE TO YOURSELF! YOU CAN SEE THE PHONE IN CAROL'S EMPTY DARK APARTMENT... RINGING... RINGING... AND SHE NOT THERE TO ANSWER...



AFTER THE MOVIE YOU TAKE CAROL HOME! THEN YOU GO TO SEE DAVE...

I MIGHT HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN! AFTER ALL, DAVE! I ONLY MET CAROL ONCE!

I CALLED! SHE WASN'T HOME!



LISTEN, DAVE! IT BOTHERED ME ALL EVENING! FORGET IT! I HAD TO COME OVER... GOT UP OUT OF BED! I MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN! DON'T... DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR!

YOU MEAN ACCUSE CAROL? DON'T WORRY! I'M NOT THAT DUMB!



PERFECT! EVERYTHING IS WORKING OUT PERFECTLY! THE NEXT NIGHT YOU PICK UP CAROL AGAIN! YOU TELL HER THAT MR. CARRICK IS HAVING A COCKTAIL PARTY! THAT YOU WANT TO TAKE HER...

MR. CARRICK'S PENTHOUSE? OH! I'D LOVE TO SEE IT! I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IT!

MOVE YOUR FAT ASS!



CARRICK ACTUALLY HAS ASKED YOU OVER TO HIS PLACE! IT'S A SMALL PARTY AND BREAKS UP EARLY! YOU AND CAROL ARE THE LAST TO GO! IT'S ALL WORKING OUT FINE...

WHAT'S WRONG, GENE? FORGET SOMETHING?

OH, HECK! THOSE ADVANCE COLOR PROOFS CAME IN! I WANTED YOU TO OKAY THEM SO THEY COULD GET OUT EARLY TOMORROW! SAY, I KNOW! I'LL RUN UP TO THE OFFICE AND GET THEM...



THEY OBJECT BUT YOU RUSH OFF, NOT HEARING THEM! HAH! ALONE! THE TWO OF THEM! PERFECT... PERFECT! YOU GO STRAIGHT TO STUDIO...

DAVE, I... I CONSIDER MYSELF A FRIEND OF YOURS!

WHAT'S UP, SMITH!



IT'S CARRICK! I KNOW NOW WHY HE MADE THOSE CHANGES... WHY HE GAVE YOU THAT RUSH JOB TO DO! HE WANTS TO KEEP POSTPONING YOUR WEDDING! HE WANTS CAROL FOR HIMSELF!

WHAT? WHY I'D KILL HIM IF I WERE SURE WHAT YOU ARE SAYING IS TRUE!



YOU PRESS THE GUN YOU HAD BROUGHT WITH YOU INTO HIS HAND AND WHISPER ...

THEY'RE TOGETHER, NOW! IN HIS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT! 420 PARK AVENUE! SEE FOR YOURSELF!

I'LL KILL HIM!



YOU GO HOME! YOU WAIT ABOUT AN HOUR AND THEN CALL PRIVATE NUMBER! THERE'S NO ANSWER! YOU CAN SEE HIM LYING THERE ON HIS DEEP-PILE RUG... DEAD ...



THE NEXT MORNING YOU GET TO THE OFFICE EARLY! THIS IS GOING TO BE A GREAT DAY FOR YOU! TODAY, YOU... GENE SMITH ... WILL BE MOVED INTO CARRICK'S LUXURIOUS OFFICE! YOU OPEN THE DOOR ...



THEY'LL FIND HIS BODY... AND YOU'LL BE TOP MAN NOW! TOP MAN! THE PLACE YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD THESE PAST FIVE YEARS! YOU SIT DOWN AT THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR DESK... PROP UP YOUR FEET... LIGHT ONE OF HIS EXPENSIVE CIGARS! ALL YOURS! ALL YOURS... EVEN... EVEN...

EVEN THIS RARE IMPORTED URINE



YOU POUR OUT A GLASS AND DRINK IT DOWN! IT TASTES WARM... SWEET! YOU POUR YOURSELF ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...



YOU GET UP! YOU HEAR THE FRONT DOOR RATTLING! YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT IN CARRICK'S OFFICE! YOU STEP OUT! IT MUST BE MISS ALANA... EARLY, TOO! YOU OPEN THE DOOR FOR HER ...

DAVE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I CAME BACK! I CHANGED MY MIND!



CHANGED YOUR MIND, DAVE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DIDN'T YOU KILL CARRICK LAST NIGHT? DIDN'T YOU SEE HIM WITH CAROL... ALONE... IN HIS APARTMENT?

SURE! I SAW THEM! AND I PLANNED ON KILLING HIM! BUT NOW... I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!



THE GUN! DIDN'T YOU SHOOT HIM WITH THE GUN I GAVE YOU?

NO! I HAD A BETTER SCHEME! BUT I'VE LOST MY NERVE! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! LAST NIGHT, AFTER I SPIED ON THEM AT HIS APARTMENT, I CAME HERE... AND POISONED CARRICK'S IMPORTED URINE!



THINGS BEGIN TO SPIN BEFORE YOU! HE THE URINE... POISONED... YOU KNOW IT IS. THE END

DEAR GENE

SENT'S I MET UP AND KEM IN BASED
AND INBARISS ~~BY~~ TERRY AND CGI I
GUESS I MUST RESER FROM WORK.
I'LL WAY BUTCH

TO MIKE IF YOU ~~DO~~ DROVE TRUCK LIKE YOU
FIX THING. ~~ARE~~ AROUND HERE. ~~YOU~~

NO WONDER YOU DON'T HAVE A JOB PAL!

AND IF YOU BRACK SOME THING TELL SOME ONE
NOT SAY 2ND OR 3RD DID IT SO YOU
CAN STAB THEM IN THE BACK TO LOOK
good. WE GOT RID OF ONE
TERRY SO ~~W~~ NOW WE HAVE ONE MORE

HENRY 'BUTCHIE' JULY

9-13-95

RESERVATION

THE C.G. EYE

Individual Employee Damage Statement
For Calendar Year 1996

Prepared Especially For:
LORD DADDY LOMBROSIS

CONFIDENTIAL

Type	Benefit	Amount
<u>Damages</u>		
These items represent	Core chucks in the wall	\$ 750.00
physical damages done	Sleeping on the job	\$4000.00
by you to the building	Press down time due to	\$47588.00
and company property	Sabotage	
	Throwing away necessary	\$6942.81
	items	
	Ink for graffitti on	\$15.01
	bathroom walls	

Invasion of the Profit Snatchers



INVASION OF THE PROFIT SNATCHERS

A Sci-Fi Thriller

by

L.D. Lombrosis

PART 1

RAINVILLES'S
DISCOVERY

Chapter 1

Richard Rainville was walking up the driveway towards work, when he first noticed something strange, but he wasn't exactly sur what it was that gave him an unusual feeling.

He still had about three hours until his shift started, but he would sit in the parking lot for about two and a half hours every day and just stare at the building. After about an hour and a half, he realized what it was that had disturbed him while he was walking towards the building. It was the press, there was something not right about the sound of it. From sitting in the parking lot all those years, Richard knew the exact pitch of every unit on the press, and often he was able to diagnose a problem just by hearing a slight variation in sound. But this sound was different. He had never heard anything like it before.

After a minute of listening, he just shrugged his shoulders, lit up a cigarette, and looked at his watch. "One more hour", he said.

Chapter 2

Forty-five minutes later, Richard went inside the building. The press was running, and he saw Mark Sha and Alex Harris standing by the flexos. Both of them had blank expressions on their faces, as if they were on auto-pilot. Neither one of them seemed to notice Richard, which was not unusual in itself, except that they usually ignored him, whereas now they seemed to be unaware of him.

He went into the breakroom to wait until his shift began. As he walked through the doorway, he saw the press crew from his shift seated at the first table. All of them, Paul, Les, Vinny, Steve, and Efrain, were sitting on one side of the table, staring straight ahead.

"Hey, guys. What's up?", Richard said.

"Hello, Richard", they all said in unison.

Richard had been putting his lunch in the refrigerator, but when he heard that, he stopped. Something was wrong.

"What's going on? How come everybody's so weird today?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Richard", said Paul.

"I don't know. Everybody just seems out of it."

"We're all fine, Richard", said Vinny

Richard turned around and walked out to the press.

"Hey, Jimmy"

"Hello, Richard"

Jimmy was speaking in the same monotone voice that all of the pressmen had been using since he walked in today. Richard's sense that something was seriously wrong was mounting, and he began to feel very uneasy.

"Any problems today?", he said, trying to shake himself free of the feeling

"No", said Jimmy.

"Where's Paul Wilson?"

"All management personnel is at the administration building", Jimmy replied. Just as he said this, Doug, the pressroom supervisor, walked in.

"Hey, guys", Doug said.

"Hey, Doug", Richard said.

"Hello, Doug", said Jimmy.

"Hey Doug, how come all the supervisors are at admin?", Richard asked.

"Richard, how long have I been here?", asked Doug.

"Doug Markey Line 1", blared the intercom.

"Jesus!", said Doug, as he walked away.

Richard looked up at the clock. 7:00 on the dot. Almost as if on cue, all of the second shift pressmen appeared out of the breakroom, and all of the first shift pressmen walked away from the press.

Chapter 3

It had been a strange night. Richard thought it was like working in a different place. Nobody had busted his balls all night, not even Steve. At first things had seemed ok, but Richard quickly realized that everybody was different. Nobody was joking around on the headsets, everybody was working, and when they didn't have anything to do, they just stood there with that blank look on their faces. Then he noticed that when packaging was going to take their break, they almost seemed to be marching in a single file toward the break room, and Richard did not hear one profanity uttered on the way.

He had thought that it was just a strange night, until he went to take a break. As he walked by the QC lab, he looked inside and saw Dave Sherman working. His knees buckled. He suddenly felt very afraid. This was more than just a little bizarre, something was really wrong here.

While he was taking his break, Richard realized that he had not seen Doug since the beginning of the night, and it was already two a.m. He had wanted to put in for a vacation day, but Doug was not around.

Richard went to the security office.

"Where's Doug?", he asked John Hines.

"All management personnel is at the administration building."

Richard felt a shiver run up his spine.

"At two o'clock in the morning?", Richard responded.

"I am sorry Richard, that is all that I know", John said as he turned back toward the desk to write his report.

Chapter 4

7:00 a.m. came, and the change of shifts happened much as the last one had, a wordless exchange of one group for another. Joe Mello had not even insulted anybody on his way in.

Richard walked out the door and remembered that he had not yet given his vacation request form to Doug. He decided to walk over to the administration building and see if Doug was still there. The whole way over, he thought about last night. What the hell had gone on? It was as if he was working with a different group of people. Could it have been a joke on him? Actually, Richard thought, that seemed likely. He had always been most likely to be the butt of a joke there.

"Those fuckin' assholes", he thought, as he walked up the hill to admin.

The sun was beginning to break through the clouds as Richard approached the admin building. "It's going to be a nice day today, too bad I'm going to be sleeping through it", he said to himself. Then he noticed all the cars in the admin parking lot, all management's cars.

"I can't believe they stayed all night. I wonder what's up?"

Suddenly, he got a really bad feeling that management was there because the company was shutting down, or maybe a massive layoff. "Fuck", he thought, "just when I was down to six and a half years left on my Lumina payments."

He walked up the ramp to the entrance of the building, and opened the door to go in. Even though all the cars were there, he didn't see any movement inside. When he walked in, he noticed that he didn't hear anything either. If all those people were here, how come there was no talking?

He went over to the front desk, and looked around. No one. What the hell was going on here? He was just about to leave, when he caught a slight movement out of the corner of his eye.

It took a few seconds for Richard to understand what he was seeing. On the floor of one of the offices, was a green and red oval, about four feet in length. It looked like some sort of a seed pod, and it had Doug Markey's head growing out of the top.

Richard's first thought was that Doug was in some sort of trouble, so he ran to the pod to try to rescue Doug, but as he got closer to it, he saw that Doug's head was covered with a thick slime, and his facial features weren't

quite right. It looked like he was still being formed.

Richard stepped back in shock. He looked away from the podg-pod, and turned to run out the door. As he got to the doorway, he noticed several other pods on the floor. There was Bill Miller, but he was out past his torso, and Chris Kaisand, who seemed to be almost totally developed, and separated from his pod. As Richard was looking at Chris Kaisand, Chris' eyes opened, and fell directly on Richard.

Richard ran from the building, and did not stop until he had reached his house.

PART 2

LONDON BRIDGE
IS
FALLING DOWN

Chapter 1

Richard arrived home a few minutes later and collapsed on the floor. He couldn't believe what he had seen. Maybe he hadn't seen it after all, it was so insane it couldn't be true. He wearily picked himself up off the floor and went into the bedroom to wake his wife.

"Flora, wake up!", he said.

"What time is it?"

"Listen Flora, something's wrong at work. I don't know what it is, but everybody is acting like a bunch of zombies, and management has been absorbed by giant pods." The words shot out of his mouth.

Flora just looked at him, not sure whether she should laugh or be afraid.

"What?", she said.

"I don't know what's going on", he said, "but everything's different, and everybody's wrong." He was almost sniveling now.

"Richard, go to bed you moron!", she said, obviously not in the mood for a joke.

"But it's true", he said.

Flora was about to speak when the phone rang.

"Get the phone, Richie. I'm going back to sleep", Flora said.

Richard got up and walked to the phone. He could still feel his pounding.

"Hello", he said.

"Hello, Richard"

It was Chris Kaisand's voice. Richard froze.

Chapter 2

"Hi, Chris. What's up?", Richard said, trying to sound normal.

"Richard, I would like you to stay late after your shift tonight. I would like to have a meeting with you."

"What about?"

"It's very important Richard. Let's just say your job depends on it."

Richard heard a click and the conversation was over. He didn't know what to do, losing his job was bad, but ending up a brainless zombie like everyone else at the plant, well, he didn't even want to think about that. He felt like running away, but he didn't know where he would go. He sat down at his kitchen table and suddenly realized how tired he was. All he needed now was a little sleep.

"Richie"

"Richie"

"Richie"

He kept hearing the voice shoot through his head. As he opened his eyes and felt his consciousness slowly returning, the first thing he noticed was that his head was resting on the top of his kitchen table.

"Richie, wake up."

It was Flora's voice.

"You only have half an hour to get to work.", she said.

"Flora, I can't go back to work, it's not safe."

"What do you mean it's not safe?", she said, obviously irritated.

"I told you this morning, there's something going on there, nobody is normal anymore, something has happened to everybody."

"Listen, Richard, you'd better get to work, I'm through joking around with you. If you even think about not going in tonight, there's gonna be trouble."

Richard got up from the table, and reluctantly got ready for work.

Chapter 3

As Richard walked into work that night, the first thing he noticed was a memo taped to the time clock. It read,

"Gentlemen,

As we are all in the same boat, I would like to make my feelings known to all of you. I know that in the past, many of you have not done your jobs to your fullest capacity. This can not go on any longer. I need my job, and I know many of you do too. If we don't all pull together and do our parts, this company will fail, and we will all be out of work.

I am asking each and every one of you to put every effort into your work, so we can all profit from our jobs.

E.W. HAGADORN"

Richard could not believe it, they had gotten him too. He felt that it was all over.

He spent the entire night watching the time clock, counting the minutes until his meeting with the Kaisand-pod.

About halfway through the night, Richard thought that maybe he could try talking to somebody to see if he could learn any more about what had happened to everybody. He thought he should try Steve first, if anybody hated this place more, he couldn't think of them.

"Steve?", Richard said.

"Yes, Richard?", Steve replied in monotone.

"Have you noticed that everybody in here is acting weird the past few days? It's like they're all in some kind of trance."

"I am not aware of any change.", Steve responded.

Richard decided to try a different approach.

"Hey, let's go smash something", he said.

"Why would you want to do that?", Steve asked, "That would not be in the best interests of the company."

Richard was in deep trouble, there didn't seem to be anything that he could do to get things back to normal. He thought of one last thing he could try.

"Hey Steve, come here"

Richard started walking around the press to the roll room. As Steve turned the corner to follow him, Richard picked up a core chuck and hurled it at the wall. It smashed against the wall and tore right through the sheetrock, leaving a four inch hole.

Steve's right arm shot up. He extended his finger and pointed it at Richard. A horrible screeching came out of Steve's mouth. Richard was paralyzed with fear. Several seconds later, John Hines came walking around the corner, and Steve stopped screeching.

"What is happening here?", John asked.

"Richard was damaging company property", Steve replied.

"Richard", John said, "I must report this.", then he quickly walked away.

Chapter 4

Richard didn't know what to do. He only had four more hours until his meeting with Kaisand-pod, and he couldn't get through to anybody, and the things he had tried had only made his situation worse.

He had never been this scared before, he was sweating and he felt like passing out. He kept wondering if he should just run. He could go to tell people about what he had seen, but who would believe him, his own wife hadn't. It would be more likely that he would be locked up than he would be believed. He felt totally helpless, and the clock was ticking.

At quarter of seven, the first shift began to arrive. Richard could sense the lack of emotion and thought in them as they came through the door. He knew that if he went into the breakroom, he would find them sitting like they were before, all lined up in rows with nobody saying a word. He didn't even want to go in there to find out if he was right.

Richard was getting more nervous all the time, and he only had a few minutes left before his meeting with the Kaisand-pod.

As he was staring at the clock, Bill Miller, Mike Fitzgerald, and Paul Hoffman walked in the door, and immediately made their way over to Richard.

"Richard", said Bill, "as soon as your shift is over, we will take you to see Chris Kaisand. He would like to have a word with you."

As soon as Bill said this, he and the other two walked over to the time clock and just stood there, waiting.

Richard noticed that nobody seemed to change their work-pace to act busy, which was normal when management was around.

Right at 7:00, the same zombie-like shift change occurred again. Richard went to wash his hands, took a deep breath to try to remain calm, then walked up to Bill Miller.

"OK, let's go", he said.

He punched out, and they led him out to Bill's car. Mike Fitzgerald opened up the back door, Paul Hoffman got in, and then Mike said to Richard, "Get in." Richard hopped in, and almost immediately, Mike got in after him and shut the door. Bill Miller got in the front, started the car, and they took off.

The ride over to admin seemed to take an eternity. Richard was ~~nearly panicking~~, although he managed to seem relatively calm on the outside.

They pulled up to admin and Mike opened the door. He got out of the car first, then ordered Richard out. Richard did as he was told, and at the same time Bill and Paul did the same. Bill walked in front of Richard, and Mike and Paul walked a little behind and to the sides of him, as if to keep him from trying to run away. They started for the building.

Bill led the way as they went into the building, and then towards Kaisand's office. From behind him, Richard could see Kaisand's open door, and Chris sitting behind the desk.

Bill Miller spoke

"Richard Rainville is here to see you, Chris."

"Thank you. Have him come in.", he replied.

Richard walked in the office, and the door closed behind him. He looked around and saw that he was alone with Chris.

"Have a seat, Richard."

PART 3

THE MEETING
AND
THE OFFER

Chapter 1

Richard sat in the chair to his right. He looked into Chris Kaisand's eyes. They were soulless, Richard could detect no human feeling there whatsoever.

"Well, Richard", Chris began, "I'm sure you know why you're here."

"I think so.", Richard replied.

Chris smiled, a smile in which you could sense the evil.

"Richard, you saw something the other day. Something you shouldn't have seen. But we are not going to hold you responsible for something that you didn't intend to see."

Chris got up from the chair, and began walking around the room. He continued, "Richard, we have an offer to make you. We know you have two kids and a wife to support, and, like everybody else, you want to get ahead. We are willing to give you an extra seven dollars an hour, under the table, and keep you in a job for as long as you want to stay here, and all you have to do is not tell anybody what you saw."

"I can't do that.", Richard said.

"Actually Richard, I think that you can, and I think that you will. You see, if you tell anybody what you saw, at best you will be ridiculed. Our bodies are physiologically identical to humans. There is no way even an extensive medical examination would expose our true nature."

"What exactly are you?"

"We are representatives of the planet Storti. Our pods were brought here several months ago, after a long analysis of your planet."

"Why are you here?", Richard interrupted.

"We are here because we need the resources of your planet. We fertilize our pods with the bodies of people who are in control of a great deal of wealth. When the old bodies are absorbed, and our new pod-bodies are produced, we are directly in control of the wealth, and we can use it for our own purposes. We colonize planet after planet in this way, getting all the materials necessary to satisfy the needs of our empire. Even now, we control most of the corporations on your planet."

"There must be other people who know about you.", Richard said.

"Of course there are. There are many people who have had similar offers made to them that you have just had made to you. We are very willing to share some of the wealth with members of species that are willing to help us."

"What about everyone else in the plant? Have you made pods out of them too?", Richard asked.

"No, Richard. You see, although the products of the pods are perfect genetic duplicates of their hosts, any physical stress on the pod organism causes it to decay more rapidly than normal. Therefore, we can only use hosts whose responsibilities don't include any actual work. That is why we only inhabit management bodies.", Chris explained.

"Well, if the other workers aren't pods, then what have you done to them? And why haven't you done the same to me?", Richard asked.

"As I was saying Richard, the management pods are not able to do any real work, therefore, to produce our wealth, we need a supply of workers to manufacture our products. We use a high-frequency sound wave to disrupt the firing of neurons in the frontal lobes of the brain. You see, Richard, the frontal lobes are responsible for the higher

brain functions, so by disabling the frontal lobes, we allow the workers to do simple tasks, automatic functions, like filling inks, changing rolls, running the ink-jet, things like that, but things like making value-judgements, or wondering about the validity of their work is not within their capability."

"As for you, Richard, it took us a little while to understand why you were not affected by the sound waves, but we realized that during your boxing career, repeated blows to the head had caused permanent frontal lobe damage, rendering you immune to the sound frequency."

"So, Richard, the question remains. Are you going to stay with us and profit, or go to the police and be made a fool of?"

Chris sat back down and looked directly into Richard's eyes.

Chapter 2

Richard walked home very slowly. The whole way he thought about the decision he had made. Would he be able to live with himself every time he looked into the face of one of his co-workers? He had ensured that each and every one of them would spend the rest of their lives living as mind-controlled zombies. He had done it for his kids. That's what he told Chris, and that's what he kept telling himself, but somehow it felt meaningless to say that. It was no excuse, and he knew it. He had sold his soul to the devil.

That whole day Richard didn't say a word to anyone. He just sat around, staring at the TV all day and thinking about what had happened. He was a slave. That's basically what it came down to, they were using everyone in the plant, and if Kaisand was to be believed, most of the workers in the world, as wage-slaves. Richard knew that by participating in their plan, he was helping to make a world in which his kids would grow up to be slaves.

He got up and went to bed.

Richard sat in bed for hours, unable to sleep. The tension was unbearable. He decided to get up and eat something. As he got in the kitchen, he noticed that the fridge was making a squeaking noise. "What the fuck is that?", he said, and kicked the fridge lightly. The squeaking stopped.

Richard started laughing. That was it. He knew what he had to do. He realized what it was that was turning everyone at the plant into zombies. The noise. When he was walking to work the other day he had noticed a strange sound coming from the press. It was the same day that everything had started going wrong. That must be it, he thought.

PART 4

SACRIFICE
AND
REDEMPTION

Chapter 1

Richard punched in that night knowing exactly what he had to do. Stop the press, and you would stop the sound. He walked over to the press and started his day.

Richard thought he should wait until the end of his shift so that all of the pressmen would be there.

The day dragged. Richard felt like he had never had such a long day. He was so anxious to stop the press and try to end this insanity that he kept looking up at the clock every two minutes.

Finally, at about quarter of seven, the first shift started walking through the door. Richard could barely keep still.

Chapter 2

7:00

The first shift press crew started to walk towards the press. Knowing that this was the opportunity that he had been waiting for, Richard leaped for the stop button. He pushed it in and... nothing. Richard panicked. He ran to the next station, pressed the stop button, still nothing. They had disconnected all the stop buttons. It was all over, there was nothing he could do.

The first shift pressmen were just about at the press now. Richard had one last idea. He had no choice, he had to do it. He had caught his fingers in the press many times before, and it had hurt like hell, but doing it now was his last hope.

Richard leaned into station number five, took a deep breath, and lunged forward. He watched as his hand was swallowed by the roller, and then his forearm. He could see with a stunned detachment what was happening to him, but it was as if he were watching a movie, and not experiencing it himself.

He just started to hear the gear slipping, and the press screeching when the pain hit him. Instantly he was covered by a wave of anguish that made him feel as if his whole left side was engulfed in flame. He quickly passed out from the pain.

Chapter 3

Richard awoke to loud sounds. Screaming, crying, smashing. He looked up and saw what was left of his arm shooting blood all over the floor. His hand and forearm were jammed in the press, preventing it from moving. Richard noticed that the sound had stopped.

He looked around the pressroom, and saw a surreal bloodfest. Mark Shaw was pounding what remained of Bill Miller's head with a hammer, smashing it into bits, while Jimmy Ginis was kicking his dead body. Erin and Efrain were knocking holes into the ink jet cube's walls with boots and a ratchet. Joe Mello was screaming "Go fuck your mother-ship!", as he squirted 900 from a bottle on to the Doug-pod and Kaisand-pod, and Steve Lemire lit them on fire with a lighter.

Everywhere Richard looked, the pressmen were in rebellion against the pods. Richard could feel his consciousness slipping away as the

blood continued to pour out of his arm.

Just before he lost consciousness, Richard smiled.

THE END

The C.G. Eye Classics Series
Volume 2

The vanguard of sleazy instant ticket sweatshop reporting

The C.G-Eye



CLASSICS SERIES

VOL. 2

Welcome back to the 2nd volume of the Eye Classics Series. The Eye will be coming out on a regular basis again, but in a slightly different format. Look for it at a newsstand near you.

This issue of CLASSICS is just to clear out all of the material we had that had never been published. The first three pages are assorted copies that have been passed around the plant in the past, then we have the infamous letter that initiated the Great Walkout. And as a special bonus we have the complete letters of E.W. Hagadorn. At the end we have some anti-corporate propaganda, including the flyer which brought about the famous McLibel trial which was reported on 60 MINUTES.

And finally, we have the 1st annual, CGEye art contest. On the last page there is a picture, and all you have to do is complete the phrase under it. Give your entry to the Editor of the Eye. The winner will be printed in an upcoming issue.

Enjoy!



Creative Games International, Inc.

EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH NOMINATION FORM

To: My Department Supervisor or Manager

I wish to submit the following person's name for Employee of the Month:

DAVID SHERMAN

Name

QUALITY CONTROL

Dept.

My reason for submitting this person is: (Be specific - give details!)

DAVE HAS BEEN HERE OVER 6 YEARS AND ALTHOUGH
HIS ATTITUDE SUCKS YOU CANT OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT HE
GETS THE JOB DONE. HE DOESNT EXACTLY BUST HIS ASS
HERE BUT HE DOES BUST OTHER GOOD THINGS LIKE CHAIRS,
WALLS, CAMERAS, PICTURES, ETC. NOT TO MENTION THE FACT
THAT HIS CAR IS SO SHITTY THAT HE NEEDS IT CLOSER TO THE TOOLS IN
(Use reverse side if more room is needed.) THE BUILDING.

Steven Lemme

Name of Person Submitting

3/3/97

Date

Supervisor/Manager - Forward only ONE recommendation from your department to the
Employee of the Month Committee c/o Paul E. Hoffman

Supervisor/Manager's Comments: _____

Date: _____

NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES!

It has been brought to the Management's attention that some individuals have been using foul language in the course of normal conversation between employees. Due to complaints from some of the more easily offended workers, this conduct will no longer be tolerated.

The management does, however, realize the importance of each person being able to express their feelings when communicating with their fellow employees. Therefore, the Management has compiled the following coded list. It is imperative that all employees understand and memorize these coded phrases so that proper exchange of ideas and information can continue.

OLD PHRASE

NEW PHRASE

No fucking way!

You've got to be shitting me!

Tell someone who gives a fuck!

Ask me if I give a fuck.

It's not my fucking problem.

What the fuck...?

Fuck it, it won't work.

Why the fuck didn't they tell me this sooner?

When the fuck do they expect me to do this?

Who the fuck cares?

He's got his head up his ass.

Eat shit!

Eat shit and die!

Eat shit and die, motherfucker!

What the fuck do they want from my life?

Kiss my ass!

Fuck it, I'm on salary.

This job sucks!

Who the hell died and made you boss?

Blow me!

Blow yourself!

Another fucking meeting.

I don't really give a shit!

He's fucking retarded!

I'm not certain that's feasible.

Really?

Perhaps you should check with...

Of course I'm concerned.

I wasn't involved in that project.

Interesting behavior.

I'm not sure I can implement this.

I'll try to schedule that.

Perhaps I can work late.

Are you sure it's a problem?

He's not familiar with the problem.

You don't say?

Excuse me?

Excuse me, Sir?

They weren't happy with it?

So you'd like my help with it?

I'm a bit overloaded right now.

I love a challenge!

You want me to take care of this?

I see.

Do you see?

Yes, we should discuss this.

I don't think it will be a problem.

He's confused.

Thank you for your cooperation.

- The Management

FUKSHITUP

BREAK ANY WINDOW. KILLA COP.
PUNCTURE ALL TIRES. LITTER
SLOBURBIA. OPEN HYDRANTS. BURN
BLDGS. SCATTER NAILS. GLUE
LOCKS. DOSE H2O. CLIP PHONES.
PLANT INDO. GRAFITTITALL. T.P.
STREAMERS. CYANIDE THE VENTS.
BURN DOWN BLDGS. CANCEL
TECHNOKRATZ. DESTROY PRIVATE
PROPS. KILL THE RICH. DISRUPT
PUBLIC SERVICE. SEND BOMB
THREATS. CREATE PANDA MOANIUM.
SPREAD RUMORS. BREAK CLOCKS.
SMASH TVS. SABOTHE GEARS.
DESTROYALL SYSTEMS.
PULLALLALARMS. PRANKS. TRICKS.
SPLATTER BILLBOARDS. SINK SHIPS.
CLOG DRAINS. TURN ITALL OFF.
SHUTITALL DOWN. BUSTA METER.
JAM IT. RUNAMOK. TILTIT.

TO THE MANAGEMENT OF CGI,
REGARDING SCHEDULING

GENTELMEN, WE HAVE A PROBLEM.
EVERY MAN ON THIS PRESS IS TIRED. WE HAVE BEEN WORKING AN
UNREASONABLE AMOUNT OF OVERTIME, SOME OF US FOR YEARS.

WHEN WE MADE THE MOVE FROM SLATERSVILLE TO THE NEW
TUPPERWARE FACILITY, WE WERE SCHEDULED TO WORK 12 HR. DAYS,
3&4 DAY WEEKS. AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE YET TO SEE THE SCHEDULE,
THAT WE ALL AGREED TOO.

AT FIRST WE WERE ASKED TO PUT IN A LITTLE MORE EFFORT
AND WORK 5-12 HR. SHIFTS. NOW WE ARE EXPECTED TO DO IT EVERY
WEEK, WITH NO END IN SIGHT.

WE HAVE LOST A NUMBER OF PRESSMAN IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS
FROM LAY-OFFS, LEAVES AND RESIGNATIONS. THERE SEEMS TO BE NO
EFFORT ON THE PART OF MANAGEMENT TO REPLACE ANYONE WE'VE
LOST.

WE'VE CHANGED OUR SHIFTS AND POSITIONS IN ORDER TO PICK
UP THE SLACK. BUT IT SEEMS, THE MORE WE DO, THE LESS HELP WE
GET.

WE HAVE PUT EVERYTHING WE HAVE INTO THIS COMPANY.

WE REALIZE THE COMPANY IS STRUGGLING TO STAY IN

BUSINESS. HOWEVER, WE CAN NO LONGER WORK THE HOURS THAT
ARE EXPECTED OF US.

WE HAVE ALL TALKED AMONGST OURSELVES AND WE ARE WILLING
TO WORK 4-12 HR. SHIFTS, UNTIL WHICH TIME THAT YOU ARE ABLE
TO HIRE THE PROPER AMOUNT OF PRESSMAN TO RUN THIS PRESS 24
HRS. A DAY, FIVE DAYS A WEEK.

WE ARE NOT, HOWEVER, WILLING TO WORK 5-12 HR. DAYS ANY
LONGER.

FOR OUR HEALTH, OUR HAPPINESS AND OUR FAMILIES, WE HAVE
TO DRAW A LINE SOMEWHERE.

FROM THIS FRIDAY, AUGUST 9TH, UNTIL THE STAFFING PROBLEM
IS RESOLVED, WE AS A GROUP, CANNOT AND WILL NOT WORK ANY MORE
FRIDAYS.

Ein Hagadans *Edgar Maldonado*
Francis Bence *Mark R*
Gene S *James R*
Alfred *Chap Harris*
Ed Kennedy
Joseph Mello

Doug,

No offense pal, but I agreed to do whatever it takes to get Hutton done. We busted our asses to get it off the press. I'm sure you had planned on doing this other shit on Monday, in the first place. So I don't mind telling you that I've had enough. I'd like to have a few hours to spend with my loved ones, as would Richard. So I'm finishing Hutton and calling it a week. Tomorrow is another day.

I hope this doesn't ruffle any feathers. But I have to keep my center and balance my personal & professional lives accordingly.

Have a wonderful morning,

ERIN

ERIN MAGADORN
8-28-95

Gentlemen,

I'm not sure how you all feel about the recent memo + schedule. I am pretty confident that you feel as I do. I feel that this is totally unacceptable. You have a better chance of hearing me say "Would you like fries with that", than you do hearing me say "Sure, I'll work 7 days a week 'till God knows when".

Something has to be done, because as it stands, it's too much investment and not enough return. If you know what I mean.

I will do anything, but work 7 days a week.

So please, let's get together soon and discuss our options.

Thank-you,
ERW

To Whom It May Concern,

My NAME is ERIN HAGGARDEN, for those of you who don't know me, I am the 2nd shift Ink Jet Operator.

I am writing this letter because of recent events that have happened on my shift.

Last night, Dec. 6, 1995, a night very similar to every other night of the past few months, I and I alone, was left here to deal with a press that no one has been able to run successfully. Much like many other nights I ran into a problem that I couldn't correct without help. So like every other night I spent my time trying to contact people who are supposed to be available to help me. Unfortunately, like many times before, I couldn't reach anyone.

So I was forced to make my own decisions and do the best I possibly could to get my press running. That is my responsibility.

I made a judgement call in the process, not even knowing what the effect would be.

Today, I was called in early and asked to report to Mr. Sweeney. Mr. Sweeney informed me that what I did was not only wrong, but that it could have cost this company the Conn. contract.

Then and only then was I informed of what should be done in a case such as

the one I had experienced.

I was completely shocked; I had no idea of any of these security related issues that Mr. Sweeney had explained.

I was equally shocked to learn that certain people were of the opinion that I should be fired.

I was actually more offended than shocked. You must understand where I'm coming from. I come in here every day and deal with lousy attitudes and shoddy equipment, 7 days a week for \$8⁰⁰ an hour. With no appreciation.

I have no Supervisor on my shift and I always have trouble reaching one.

I do the best job I can possibly do under the circumstances and I don't appreciate being put in the position where my job is threatened two weeks before Christmas. Especially since I had no idea I'd even done anything wrong.

I and everyone else on this press have been poorly trained, mismanaged, overworked and underpaid.

Furthermore; it seems a little strange that a young man with six months experience in the lottery industry, who is making \$8⁰⁰ an hour, could conceivably blow a multi-million

dollar contract. Simply because he has no supervision whatsoever. Because if there had been a manager or someone to turn to, I most definitely would have asked them what to do.

I'm tired of being left here hanging in the breeze. I'm tired of working 7 days a week without any appreciation, but most of all I'm offended that after all that I still have to worry about my job.

Now that I've had a chance to say how I feel, if there is still someone who would like to take my job away from me. Then go ahead. Because, under current conditions I'm not sure how long I can take it.

Sincerely Offended,

REN HAGROEN

D. MARKEY

Mr Sweeney,

I have a number of issues I'd like to address concerning the entire tape ordering process.

First of all on Sept. 13, 1996 at approx. 1:15 pm, I ordered tapes from Bob Seddon. I was told to "Go Fuck Yourself". I did not receive these tapes until Bob Coates came in. I received them at 2:30 pm to be exact. Luckily I was ordering them in advance because I am well aware of how long it could take to receive them. This verbal Abuse has happened to me and every other I.J. OP every time ~~they~~ we order tapes from Mr. Seddon.

As far as the "gray box" incident, I have done everything I can think of in the past two years to get that box emptied. Fact is your security officers refuse to do it. Hell even when you had six guards the thing would overflow.

Case in point. A couple of days prior to the incident that you are concerned about, I asked Bob Seddon to empty the box because I had just cleared the cabinet of live tapes that were

left over from the previous game. That's my job. MR. Seddon was livid, he couldn't believe I had the nerve to fill the box on his shift. He called me an "ASSHOLE" and a "Mother Fucker" he went on to say that I "would pay for it". Jeff Strony was a witness to his hostility and if need be I could present more witnesses. This type of thing is totally unacceptable and something better be done to insure it doesn't happen again, because I for one will not put up with it anymore.

As far as the gray box goes. It is my understanding that my responsibility is to "red tag" used live tapes and dump them in the gray box. Not on it or on my desk or in the cabinet. If I pile the tapes and one ends up missing you'll be the first guy to blame me for it. So what do you want me to do shut down the press, every time the box gets full, and wait patiently for Mr. Seddon to finish his newspaper?

It would be one thing if he didn't know the box was full. But he checks it every time he brings me tapes. If they're stacked on top, he opens the box, crams them in and leaves. Which only means the next tape gets piled

on top again.

Frankly, if the box was simply emptied ~~once~~ a shift, then incidents like the one on 9/13 could never happen.

Finally, I just want to say that as I write this the gray box is overflowing once again.

Sincerely,
ERIN HAGADORN

Mr. Miller,

You MAY or MAY NOT be aware of this, but tensions are running high on the press.

We ARE ALL concerned about the pay scales and the never ending delays.

We have been waiting, since long before you arrived on the scene.

We have been lied to AND put off time and time again. So forgive us if we seem impatient and suspicious.

When you first told us when the pay scales would be finished, we gave you the benefit of the doubt. It never came to pass. You asked recently for seven more days and we waited patiently. Now the seven days have come and gone. We've heard nothing.

It's the same old song and dance we heard from Jim CARRICK.

We are not being unfair here.

Some of us deserve substantial raises.

All of us deserve something.

This company takes it's sweet time, meanwhile I'm forced to make choices on a weekly basis of whether to pay my electric bill or to buy groceries.

I personally feel that I shouldn't have to make those choices considering what we do here.

When MANAGEMENT asks for something from us they expect it right away if not sooner and we do our best to give it to you.

We've received nothing in return.

We're tired of excuses and deadlines that come and go.

We are the bread AND butter of this company and we're asked to live off the crumbs.

It is just plain unfair!

We ARE ALL very unhappy with the way this issue is being handled. Quite simply, we will continue to grow more unhappy with each passing day until the day we see a difference in our paychecks.

Please set up a meeting as soon as possible to let us know, once and for all, where we stand.

ERIN HAGADORN

What's Wrong With McDonald's?



McDonald's spend over \$1.8 billion every year worldwide on advertising and promotions, trying to cultivate an image of being a 'caring' and 'green' company that is also a fun place to eat. Children are lured in (dragging their parents behind them) with the promise of toys and other gimmicks. But behind the smiling face of Ronald McDonald lies the reality - McDonald's only interest is *money*, making profits from whoever and whatever they can, just like all multinational companies. McDonald's Annual Reports talk of 'Global Domination' - they aim to open more and more stores across the globe - but their continual worldwide expansion means more uniformity, less choice and the undermining of local communities.

PROMOTING UNHEALTHY FOOD

McDonald's promote their food as 'nutritious', but the reality is that it is junk food - high in fat, sugar and salt, and low in fibre and vitamins. A diet of this type is linked with a greater risk of heart disease, cancer, diabetes and other diseases. Their food also contains many chemical additives, some of which may cause ill-health, and hyperactivity in children. Don't forget too that meat is the cause of the majority of food poisoning incidents. In 1991 McDonald's were responsible for an outbreak of food poisoning in the UK, in which people suffered serious kidney failure. With modern intensive farming methods, other diseases - linked to chemical residues or unnatural practices - have become a danger to people too (such as BSE).

EXPLOITING WORKERS

Workers in the fast food industry are paid low wages. McDonald's do not pay overtime rates even when employees work very long hours. Pressure to keep profits high and wage costs low results in understaffing, so staff have to work harder and faster. As a consequence, accidents (particularly burns) are common. The majority of employees are people who

have few job options and so are forced to accept this exploitation, and they're compelled to 'smile' too! Not surprisingly staff turnover at McDonald's is high, making it virtually impossible to unionise and fight for a better deal, which suits McDonald's who have always been opposed to Unions.

ROBBING THE POOR

Vast areas of land in poor countries are used for cash crops or for cattle ranching, or to grow grain to feed animals to be eaten in the West. This is at the expense of local food needs. McDonald's continually promote meat products, encouraging people to eat meat more often, which wastes more and more food resources. 7 million tons of grain fed to livestock produces only 1 million tons of meat and by-products. On a plant-based diet and with land shared fairly, almost every region could be self-sufficient in food.

DAMAGING THE ENVIRONMENT

Forests throughout the world - vital for all life - are being destroyed at an appalling rate by multinational companies. McDonald's have at last been forced to admit to using beef reared on ex-rainforest land, preventing its regeneration. Also,

the use of farmland by multinationals and their suppliers forces local people to move on to other areas and cut down further trees.

McDonald's are the world's largest user of beef. Methane emitted by cattle reared for the beef industry is a major contributor to the 'global warming' crisis. Modern intensive agriculture is based on the heavy use of chemicals which are damaging to the environment. Every year McDonald's use thousands of tons of unnecessary packaging, most of which ends up littering our streets or polluting the land buried in landfill sites.

MURDERING ANIMALS

The menus of the burger chains are based on the torture and murder of millions of animals. Most are intensively farmed, with no access to fresh air and sunshine, and no freedom of movement. Their deaths are barbaric - 'humane slaughter' is a myth. We have the choice to eat meat or not, but the billions of animals massacred for food each year have no choice at all.

CENSORSHIP and McLIBEL

Criticism of McDonald's has come from a huge number of people and organisations over a wide range of issues. In the mid-1980's, London Greenpeace drew together many of those strands of criticism and called for an **annual World Day of Action against McDonald's**. This takes place every year on **16th October**, with pickets and demonstrations all over the world. McDonald's, who spend a fortune every year on advertising, are trying to silence

world-wide criticism by threatening legal action against those who speak out. Many have been forced to back down because they lacked the money to fight a case. B. Helen Steel and Dave Morris, two supporters of London Greenpeace, defended themselves in a major UK High Court libel trial. No legal aid is available so they represented themselves. McDonald's engaged in a huge cover up, refusing to disclose masses of relevant documents. Also, the defendants were denied their right to a jury. Despite all the cards being stacked against them, Helen and Dave turned the tables and exposed the truth by putting McDonald's business practices on trial. Protests against the \$30 billion a year fast-food giant continue to grow. It's vital stand up to intimidation and to defend free speech.

WHAT YOU CAN DO - Together we can fight back against the institutions and the people in power who dominate our lives and our planet, and we can create a better society without exploitation. Workers can and do organise together to fight for their rights and dignity. People are increasingly aware of the need to think seriously about the food we and our children eat. People in poor countries are organising themselves to stand up to multinationals and banks which dominate the world's economy. Environmental and animal rights protests and campaigns are growing everywhere. Why not join in the struggle for a better world. Talk to friends and family, neighbours and workmates about these issues. Please copy and circulate this leaflet as widely as you can.

LEAFLET your LOCAL McDONALD'S - leaflets \$5 per 100, \$12.50 PER 500, \$15 PER 1000 from US McLibel Support Campaign, details below.

Please send me more information I enclose \$_____ donation to the campaign

Name _____ Address _____

US McLibel Support Campaign, PO Box 62, Craftsbury, VT 05826-0062, USA.

Tel 1-802-586-9628

E-mail and listserv: dbriars@world.std.com

Independent Internet info at <http://www.mcspotlight.org/>

A Note of Appreciation from the Rich

Let's be honest: you'll *never* win the lottery. On the other hand, the chances are pretty good that you'll slave away at some miserable job the rest of your life. That's because you were in all likelihood born into the wrong social class. Let's face it—you're a member of the *working caste*. Sorry!

As a result, you don't have the education, upbringing, connections, manners, appearance, and good taste to ever become one of us. In fact, you'd probably need a book the size of the yellow pages to list all the unfair advantages we have over you. That's why we're so relieved to know that you still continue to believe all those silly fairy tales about "justice" and "equal opportunity" in America.

Of course, in a hierarchical social system like ours, there's never been much room at the top to begin with. Besides, it's already occupied by us—and we like it up here so much that we intend to keep it that way. But at least there's usually someone lower in the social hierarchy you can feel superior to and kick in the teeth once in a while. Even a lowly dishwasher can easily find some poor slob further down in the pecking order to sneer and spit at. So be thankful for migrant workers, prostitutes, and homeless street people.

Always remember that if everyone like you were economically secure and socially privileged like us, there would be no one left to fill all those boring, dangerous, low-paid jobs in our economy. And no one to fight our wars for us, or blindly follow orders in our totalitarian corporate institutions. And certainly no one to meekly go to their grave without having lived a full and creative life. So please, keep up the good work!

You also probably don't have the same greedy, compulsive drive to possess wealth, power, and prestige that we have. And even though you may sincerely want to change the way you live, you're also *afraid* of the very change you desire, thus keeping you and others like you in a nervous state of limbo. So you go through life mechanically playing your assigned social role, terrified what

others would think should you ever dare to "break out of the mold."

Naturally, we try to play you off against each other whenever it suits our purposes: high-waged workers against low-waged, unionized against non-unionized, Black against White, male against female, American workers against Japanese against Mexican against . . .

We continually push your wages down by invoking "foreign competition," "the law of supply and demand," "national security," or "the bloated federal deficit." We throw you on the unemployed scrap heap if you step out of line or jeopardize our profits. And to give you an occasional break from the monotony of our daily economic blackmail, we allow you to participate in our stage-managed electoral shell games, better known to you ordinary folks as "elections." Happily, you haven't a clue as to what's *really* happening—instead, you blame "Aliens," "Tree-hugging Environmentalists," "Niggers," "Jews," "Welfare Queens," and countless others for your troubled situation.

We're also very pleased that many of you still embrace the "work ethic," even though most jobs in our economy degrade the environment, undermine your physical and emotional health, and basically suck your one and only life right out of

you. We obviously don't know much about work, but we're sure glad *you* do!

Of course, life *could* be different. Society *could* be intelligently organized to meet the real needs of the general population. You and others like you *could* collectively fight to free yourselves from our domination. But you don't know that. In fact, *you can't even imagine that another way of life is possible*. And that's probably the greatest, most significant achievement of our system—robbing you of your imagination, your creativity, your ability to think and act for yourself.

So we'd truly like to thank you from the bottom of our heartless hearts. Your loyal sacrifice makes possible our corrupt luxury; *your* work makes *our* system work. Thanks so much for "knowing your place"—without even knowing it!



Rich \$cum of America

He who hath the gold makes all the rules

Please make copies and share with other members of your caste!

AUTH



"QUIT COMPLAINING. YOU STILL HAVE"

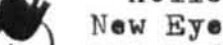
D.S. March 1995

The *C.G. Eye* – Volume 2

FREE



WELCOME BACK

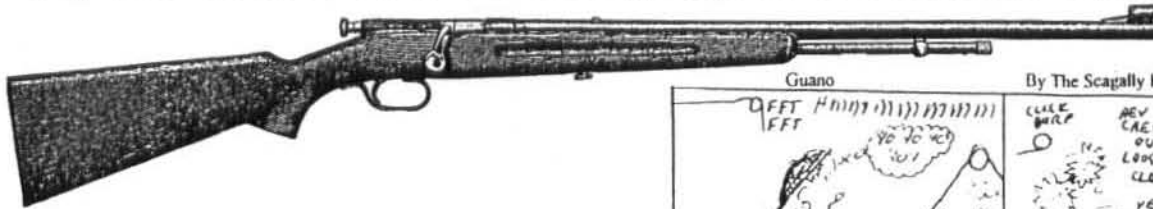
 Hello everyone, and welcome back to the first issue of the New Eye! The Editors have decided that the new administration has had more than enough time to learn the ropes, and, in our opinion, have also had more than enough time to hang themselves with them. It seems that the new Miller régime is as useless and ineffective as the Carrick regime was overbearing and stupid. The new regime is making the SAME EXACT stupid mistakes that=the goddam bufoonish dinosaur used to make. Let's organize a workers revolt and drive the bastards out! FUCK 'EM!

Back to the Eye. It will have a slightly different format than before, and more importantly, a new distribution policy. From now on, the Eye will ONLY be distributed to people who have contributed something to the issue. Articles, poems, cartoons, anything is acceptable,=but it has to be SOME-THING. This will serve two purposes- 1) It will force all of you lazy bastards to get off your asses and CREATE something. 2) It will make it allittle more difficult for some rat to turn in the Editors when the rats are invloved.

Right now we have three regular contributors, and a very special guest columnist whom you have probably heard of, Ted Kaczynski. Ted is allowing us to reprint his well-known essay 'Industrial Society and It's Future', more commonly known as 'The Unabomber Manifesto'. We will be excerpting from it every issue, starting with this one. Enjoy!

A Statistic and A Challenge

I recently read a rather disturbing piece of news in a magazine. According to the article, the printing industry, which used to be ranked number two in workplace violence and murder, has lost ground to the postal service, which has pushed us down to number 3. Not only do they have us beaten in the numbers department, but with shootings taking place on the same day in post offices 2000 miles apart, they are also showing much more style and media savvy than we are. Even the current American vernacular has reflected this



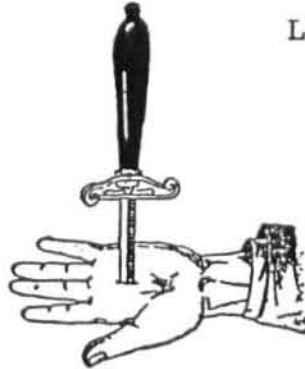
growing tendency toward explosive behavior with the phrase "going postal". This is intolerable! We have as much, if not more, dissention in the ranks than they do, yet we lack The WILL ! We need to make a concerted effort in order to regain our ranking. Start off small, an insult to something you normally would let pass, maybe getting in someone's

When two is more than the total, you
should look no further-SLIM



face. Then move on to threats, slashing a co-workers tires, maybe punching a particularly obnoxious person in the face, and soon enough there will be gunplay! There's no feeling like coming to work armed and ready for combat. Imagine the ecstasy of taking down your first supervisor! Take aim! You'll feel more stress-free than you have since before taking this god-forsaken shit-job. Let's replace 'going postal' with our own industry related catch phrase. Doh't let Cliff Clavin and Newman show us up. I know you're all better than that. Show us what you've got! Perhaps, with a little luck, and a lot of hard work, we can get the number one ranking, and overthrow the all-time champion of workplace violence, the food-service industry.

L.D. Lombrosis



INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE

By Ted Kaczynski

INTRODUCTION

1. The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race. They have greatly increased the life-expectancy of those of us who live in "advanced" countries, but they have destabilized society, have made life unfulfilling, have subjected human beings to indignities, have led to widespread psychological suffering (in the Third World to physical suffering as well) and have inflicted severe damage on the natural world. The continued development of technology will worsen the situation. It will certainly subject human beings to greater indignities and inflict greater damage on the natural world, it will probably lead to greater social disruption and psychological suffering, and it may lead to increased physical suffering even in "advanced" countries.

2. The industrial-technological system may survive or it may break down. If it survives, it MAY eventually achieve a low level of physical and psychological suffering, but only after passing through a long and very painful period of adjustment and only at the cost of permanently reducing human beings and many other living organisms to engineered products and mere cogs in the social machine. Furthermore, if the system survives, the consequences will be inevitable: There is no way of reforming or modifying the system so as to prevent it from depriving people of dignity and autonomy.

3. If the system breaks down the consequences will still be very painful. But the bigger the system grows the more disastrous the results of its breakdown will be, so if it is to break down it had best break down sooner rather than later.

4. We therefore advocate a revolution against the industrial system. This revolution may or may not make use of violence: it may be sudden or it may be a relatively gradual process spanning a few decades. We can't predict any of that. But we do outline in a very general way the measures that those who hate the industrial system should take in order to prepare the way for a revolution against that form of society. This is not to be a POLITICAL revolution. Its object will be to overthrow not governments but the economic and technological basis of the present society.

5. In this article we give attention to only some of the negative developments that have grown out of the industrial-technological system. Other such developments we mention only briefly or ignore altogether. This does not mean that we regard these other developments as unimportant. For practical reasons we have to confine our discussion to areas that have received insufficient public attention or in which we have something new to say. For example, since there are well-developed environmental and wilderness movements, we have written very little about environmental degradation or the destruction of wild nature, even though we consider these to be highly important.



CLOSE TO HOME

by John McPherson



The C.G. Eye

Not only are we incompetent, but we can't print!

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FREE



INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MODERN LEFTISM

6. Almost everyone will agree that we live in a deeply troubled society. One of the most widespread manifestations of the craziness of our world is leftism, so a discussion of the psychology of leftism can serve as an introduction to the discussion of the problems of modern society in general.

7. But what is leftism? During the first half of the 20th century leftism could have been practically identified with socialism. Today the movement is fragmented and it is not clear who can properly be called a leftist. When we speak of leftists in this article we have in mind mainly socialists, collectivists, "politically correct" types, feminists, gay and disability activists, animal rights activists and the like. But not everyone who is associated with one of these movements is a leftist. What we are trying to get at in discussing leftism is not so much a movement or an ideology as a psychological type, or rather a collection of related types. Thus, what we mean by "leftism" will emerge more clearly in the course of our discussion of leftist psychology. (Also, see paragraphs 227-230.)

8. So, our conception of leftism will remain a good deal less clear than we would wish, but there doesn't seem to be any remedy for this. All we are trying to do is indicate in a rough and approximate way the two psychological tendencies that we believe are the main driving force of modern leftism. We by no means claim to be telling the WHOLE truth about leftist psychology. Also, our discussion is meant to apply to modern leftism only. We leave open the question of the extent to which our discussion could be applied to the leftists of the 19th and early 20th century.

9. The two psychological tendencies that underlie modern leftism we call "feelings of inferiority" and "oversocialization." Feelings of inferiority are characteristic of modern leftism as a whole, while oversocialization is characteristic only of a certain segment of modern leftism; but this segment is highly influential.

FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY

10. By "feelings of inferiority" we mean not only inferiority feelings in the strictest sense but a whole spectrum of related traits: low self-esteem, feelings of powerlessness, depressive tendencies, defeatism, guilt, self-hatred, etc. We argue that modern leftists tend to have such feelings (possibly more or less repressed) and that these feelings are decisive in determining the direction of modern leftism.

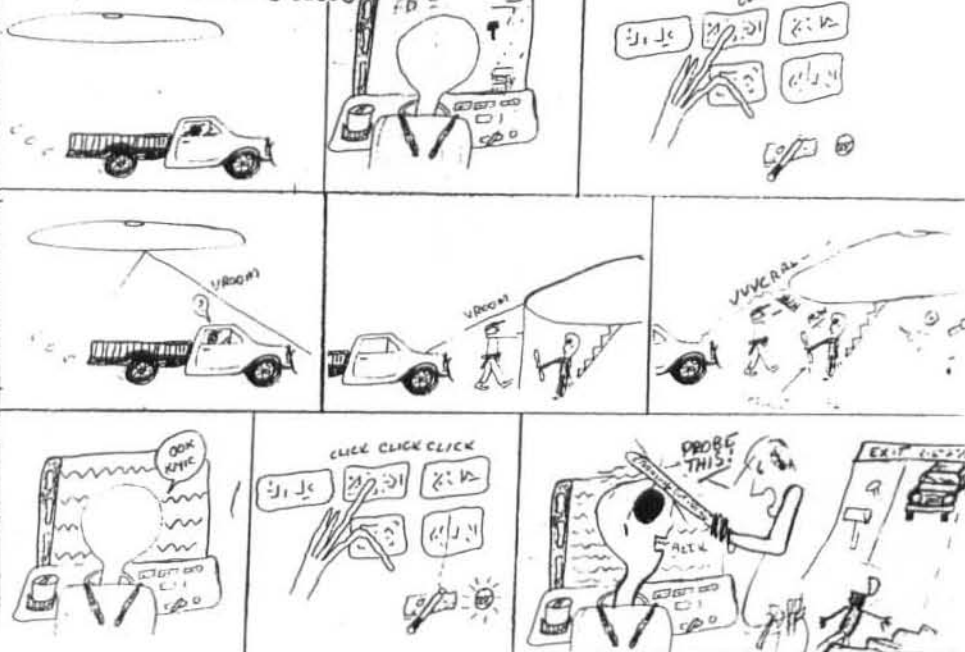
11. When someone interprets as derogatory almost anything that is said about him (or about groups with whom he identifies) we conclude that he has inferiority feelings or low self-esteem. This tendency is pronounced among minority rights advocates, whether or not they belong to the minority groups whose rights they defend. They are hypersensitive about the words used to designate minorities. The terms "Negro," "oriental," "handicapped" or "chick" for an African, an Asian, a disabled person or a woman originally had no derogatory connotation. "Broad" and "chick" were merely the feminine equivalents of "guy," "dude" or "fellow." The negative connotations have been attached to these terms by the activists themselves. Some animal rights advocates have gone so far as to reject the word "pet" and insist on its replacement by "animal companion." Leftist anthropologists go to great lengths to avoid saying anything about primitive peoples that could conceivably be interpreted as negative. They want to replace the word "primitive" by "nonliterate." They seem almost paranoid about anything that might suggest that any primitive culture is inferior to our own. (We do not mean to imply that primitive cultures ARE inferior to ours. We merely point out the hypersensitivity of leftist anthropologists.)

Well, the response to our last issue was overwhelming! As I'm sure all of you have heard, longtime Eye subscriber Matt 'Matty' Beck received a copy of our last issue in the mail, and became so disgusted with our poor workplace violence record, that he went out and did his part for the cause. Body count: 5, including Matty, who ate a bullet as the finale to his show. Apparently Matty had been pissed off at the Connecticut Lottery management for quite a while, he had been making accusations about sleazy business practices at the lottery, including over-estimating of prizes and the games having no high-tier winners. He had gone as far as e-mailing the governor of Conn. about it, and got no response. As a result of his whistleblowing, he was treated like shit and fucked with by management. Of course you'll never read this in the 'legitimate' papers, all you'll get there is whiny sympathy for the 'victims'. Maybe if they hadn't been so fuckin' sleazy, they'd still be alive! You'll notice he didn't go after the workiers, just people he had targeted. "Bye bye" Matty, we'll miss ya!

So, what else is new around here? It looks like this place is in its death throes again. Last time it was like this, almost everybody was laid off and we didn't get work for six months.

Shoot first friend, but don't look back-MONTANA SLIM.
BYE BYE- MATT BECK

SLEAZY K303-MAN



Projects for which funds already exist

• \$3000 to a "worker at one of the five biggest mailing and parcel delivery services who can cause several thousand large packages, addressed from one corporation to another, to be delivered instead to social welfare agencies that work with children, during a holiday like Easter or Christmas, with the name and address of the social welfare agencies replacing the originals on the packages."

• \$5000 to anyone who can "find and administer a substance to a great number of cattle that will make their beef unfit for consumption — perhaps by discoloring it — without harming the cattle's health."

• \$750 to each policeman in a major city no smaller than Chicago who "for at least five days, between the hours of six and eight o'clock, at least 10 times a day asks a businessman in a suit and tie for his identity papers, and then informs the businessman that there is a curfew for affluent men. The policeman must say, 'So, why aren't you home with your wife?'"

Projects proposed but not yet funded

• "A worker at a paper-cup manufacturer must cause a shipment of cups to bear one of two things: the likeness of any widely despised historical figure, or extremely off-color jokes."

• "Make any famously beautiful but highly polluted body of water turn black with a harmless black dye at the moment it is being filmed by a television station."

• "Drop, from a blimp flying over an NFL football game, a vast number of Mexican flags with a soccer logo on them, printed on tissue paper (or anything else that will not injure on impact)."

LETS FACE IT PODS, WE'VE ALL SAID ONE OR TWO THINGS WE WISH WE HADN'T!
PEOPLE IN HIGHER PLACES THAN US ARE NO DIFFERENT. THAT BEING SAID HERE
ARE A FEW QUOTES FROM THOSE PEOPLE. SEE IF YOU CAN TELL WHO SAID WHAT.
ANSWERS ARE ON THE BOTTOM

- A. TELL THOSE GUYS THEY BETTER COME IN AND RUN THE PRESS. I'VE GOT A MORTGAGE TO PAY.
- B. WE'VE GOT A NEW FLEXPRESSMAN COMING FROM MICHIGAN. HIS NAME IS OSCAR DIAZ.
- C. THERE'S GONNA BE SOME CHANGES MADE AROUND HERE!
- D. DON'T CALL ME UNLESS THE BUILDING IS BURNING!
- E. I'M ON YOUR SIDE, DOUG.
- F. WHY DO YOU WASTE PAPER WRITING OUT A SCHEDULE? YOU'D BE BETTER OFF USING THE PAPER TO PRINT LOTTERY TICKETS!

RHETT BUTLER

A. = JEFF FRANKLIN. (LIKE HE'S THE ONLY ONE WITH BILLS TO PAY?)
B. = CHRIS KAISAND. (FROM FLEXPRESSMAN TO PRODUCTION MANAGER? I DON'T GET IT!)
C. = MIKE KOZDRAS. (DO YOU SEE THEM?)
D. = BILL MILLER. (THE BUILDING'S NOT BURNING, BUT THE COMPANY IS!)
E. = CHRIS FALCONE. (HOW CAN A COMPANY GO FORWARD WHEN MANAGEMENT IS TAKING SIDES?)
F. = PAUL WILSON. (THE ONLY QUOTE THAT MAKES ANY SENSE AT ALL. BRAVO PAUL!)

SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood
shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength
of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

But the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us
with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where
they trade.

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of
railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we
have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skywards,
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to
earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded
gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of
his execution.)

My will is easy to decide,

For there is nothing to divide.

My kin don't need to fuss and moan—

"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."

My body? Ah, if I could choose,

I would to ashes it reduce,

And let the merry breezes blow

My dust to where some flowers grow.

Perhaps some fading flower then

Would come to life and bloom again.

This is my last and final will.

Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL.

WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,
And some of you are sad;
You cannot see your enemy,
The class that lives in luxury,—
You workingmen are poor,—
Will be for evermore,—
As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny.

CHORUS

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?
It is outrageous—has been for ages;
This earth by right belongs to toilers,
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,
But they have lots of "gall."
When we unite to gain our right,
If they resist we'll use our might;
There is no middle ground,
This fight must be one round.
To victory, for liberty,
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!

We must put up a fight,

To make us free from slavery

And capitalistic tyranny;

This fight is not in vain,

We've got a world to gain.

Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,

And serve your enemy?

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,

Then join in the grand Industrial band;

Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,

Then come! Do your share, like a man.

CHORUS

There is pow'r, there is pow'r

In a band of workingmen,

When they stand hand in hand,

That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r

That must rule in every land—

One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,

And live in a shack, way in the back?

Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,

And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"

Then join in the grand Industrial band;

If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,

Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,

Then don't organize, all unions despise,

If you want nothing before you are dead,

Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,

Come, join in the grand Industrial band,

Then we our share of this earth shall demand.

Come on! Do your share, like a man.

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

A shorter workday for all employed workers would
put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody
worked there would be no poverty.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!
Break your chains, demand your rights.
All the wealth you make is taken
By exploiting parasites.
Shall you kneel in deep submission
From your cradles to your graves?
Is the height of your ambition
To be good and willing slaves?

Chorus

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Fight for your own emancipation;
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.
In One Union grand.
Our little ones for bread are crying,
And millions are from hunger dying;
The end the means is justifying,
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,
They can stop all speeding trains;
Every ship upon the ocean
They can tie with mighty chains
Every wheel in the creation,
Every mine and every mill,
Fleets and armies of the nation,
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,
Men and women, side by side;
We will crush the greedy shirkers
Like a sweeping, surging tide;
For united we are standing,
But divided we will fall;
Let this be our understanding—
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!
Rise in all your splendid might;
Take the wealth that you are making,
It belongs to you by right.

No one will for bread be crying,
We'll have freedom, love and health.
When the grand red flag is flying
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?
Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of misery?
Then dump the bosses off your back.
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?
Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered?
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?
And dump the bosses off your back?
All the agonies you suffer,
You can end with one good whack—
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—
And dump the bosses off your back.

ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,
Joy and justice led,
With the Free Society
Shining out ahead!
Freedom, our one master,
Leads against the foe.

REFRAIN

Gates of jails can never
'Gainst our will prevail.
We've the world's one power;
And we cannot fail.
Forward unto battle
We, the workers, go.
Onward, One Big Union,
Joy and justice led
With the free society
Shining out ahead!
War and wrong shall perish,
Poverty shall cease.
Hatred, wrath, and slavery
Yield to joy and peace.

WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR?

(Tune: "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at
Me For?")

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;
Workin' like a mule with a number two,
Puffin' like a bellow when the day is through;
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop
Packing a hod o' mustard 'til you damn near flop;
Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

CHORUS

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,
When it don't mean life to you?
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,
When there's more in life for you?
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing.
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German spy";
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,
Thirty days on the Rock pile.

The C.G. Eye

Vol. 2 No. 3

May 1, 1998

FREE



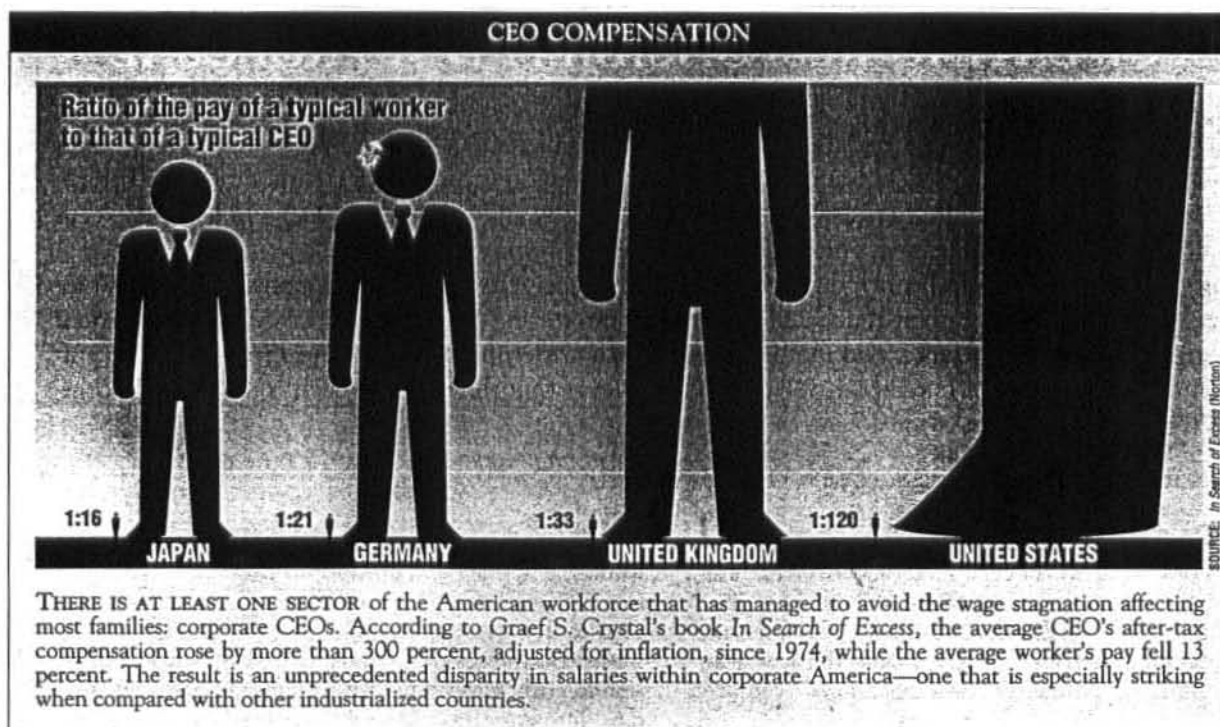
YOU JUST DON'T GET IT, DO YOU?

This past month saw quite a bit of activity here at the Eye. Without consulting any of the workers, mis-management decided to change everybody's hours around to the most godawful, fucked-up shift anybody could imagine, and everyone was told to accept it or quit. And, to add unsult to injury, 360 told the people that if they quit, it would be considered refusing to work, and they would not be allowed to collect. Not only are these goddam pigs so idiotic that they're willing to alienate their workforce by fucking with their hours, but they're also so uncaring that they don't even give a damn if people have children or other responsibilities to worry about. In a just world they would be shot!

In addition to that atrocity, the pigs also demoted Doug Markey, one of the very few management people in the company who actually works for his money, for obviously false reasons. Doug has been a thorn in the side of mis-management for a long time, and they finally got him out of the way.

Well, this is a special edition of the Eye. We are devoting most of this issue to information on the Industrial Workers of the World. In the last issue we printed some songs from the IWW which were written in the 1910s and 20s. In this issue we are reprinting the IWW manifesto, the Preamble to the IWW Constitution, a short history of the IWW, a pamphlet from the San Francisco branch on direct action in the workplace, and a story from Big Bill Haywood, who helped found the IWW in 1905. Solidarity!

Ho Chi Beck





INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE

12. Those who are most sensitive about "politically incorrect" terminology are not the average black ghetto-dweller, Asian immigrant, abused woman or disabled person, but a minority of activists, many of whom do not even belong to any "oppressed" group but come from privileged strata of society. Political correctness has its stronghold among university professors, who have secure employment with comfortable salaries, and the majority of whom are heterosexual white males from middle-class families.

13. Many leftists have an intense identification with the problems of groups that have an image of being weak (women), defeated (American Indians), repellent (homosexuals), or otherwise inferior. The leftists themselves feel that these groups are inferior. They would never admit it to themselves that they have such feelings, but it is precisely because they do see these groups as inferior that they identify with their problems. (We do not suggest that women, Indians, etc., ARE inferior; we are only making a point about leftist psychology.)

14. Feminists are desperately anxious to prove that women are as strong and as capable as men. Clearly they are nagged by a fear that women may NOT be as strong and as capable as men.

15. Leftists tend to hate anything that has an image of being strong, good and successful. They hate America, they hate Western civilization, they hate white males, they hate rationality. The reasons that leftists give for hating the West, etc. clearly do not correspond with their real motives. They SAY they hate the West because it is warlike, imperialistic, sexist, ethnocentric and so forth, but where these same faults appear in socialist countries or in primitive cultures, the leftist finds excuses for them, or at best he GRUDGINGLY admits that they exist; whereas he ENTHUSIASTICALLY points out (and often greatly exaggerates) these faults where they appear in Western civilization. Thus it is clear that these faults are not the leftist's real motive for hating America and the West. He hates America and the West because they are strong and successful.

16. Words like "self-confidence," "self-reliance," "initiative," "enterprise," "optimism," etc. play little role in the liberal and leftist vocabulary. The leftist is anti-individualistic, pro-collectivist. He wants society to solve everyone's needs for them, take care of them. He is not the sort of person who has an inner sense of confidence in his own ability to solve his own problems and satisfy his own needs. The leftist is antagonistic to the concept of competition because, deep inside, he feels like a loser.

17. Art forms that appeal to modern leftist intellectuals tend to focus on sordidness, defeat and despair, or else they take an orgasmic tone, throwing off rational control as if there were no hope of accomplishing anything through rational calculation and all that was left was to immerse oneself in the sensations of the moment.

18. Modern leftist philosophers tend to dismiss reason, science, objective reality and to insist that everything is culturally relative. It is true that one can ask serious questions about the foundations of scientific knowledge and about how, if at all, the concept of objective reality can be defined. But it is obvious that modern leftist philosophers are not simply cool-headed logicians systematically analyzing the foundations of knowledge. They are deeply involved emotionally in their attack on truth and reality. They attack these concepts because of their own psychological needs. For one thing, their attack is an outlet for hostility, and, to the extent that it is successful, it satisfies the drive for power. More importantly, the leftist hates science and rationality because they classify certain beliefs as true (i.e., successful, superior) and other beliefs as false (i.e. failed, inferior). The leftist's feelings of inferiority run so deep that he cannot tolerate any classification of some things as successful or superior and other things as failed or inferior. This also underlies the rejection by many leftists of the concept of mental illness and of the utility of IQ tests. Leftists are antagonistic to genetic explanations of human abilities or behavior because such explanations tend to make some persons appear superior or inferior to others. Leftists prefer to give society the credit or blame for an individual's ability or lack of it. Thus if a person is "inferior" it is not his fault, but society's, because he has not been brought up properly.

19. The leftist is not typically the kind of person whose feelings of inferiority make him a braggart, an egotist, a bully, a self-promoter, a ruthless competitor. This kind of person has not wholly lost faith in himself. He has a deficit in his sense of power and self-worth, but he can still conceive of himself as having the capacity to be strong, and his efforts to make himself strong produce his unpleasant behavior. [1] But the leftist is too far gone for that. His feelings of inferiority are so ingrained that he cannot conceive of himself as individually strong and valuable. Hence the collectivism of the leftist. He can feel strong only as a member of a large organization or a mass movement with which he identifies himself.

20. Notice the masochistic tendency of leftist tactics. Leftists protest by lying down in front of vehicles, they intentionally provoke police or racists to abuse them, etc. These tactics may often be effective, but many leftists use them not as a means to an end but because they PREFER masochistic tactics. Self-hatred is a leftist trait.

21. Leftists may claim that their activism is motivated by compassion or by moral principle, and moral principle does play a role for the leftist of the oversocialized type. But compassion and moral principle cannot be the main motives for leftist activism. Hostility is too prominent a component of leftist behavior; so is the drive for power. Moreover, much leftist behavior is not rationally calculated to be of benefit to the people whom the leftists claim to be trying to help. For example, if one believes that affirmative action is good for black people, does it make sense to demand affirmative action in hostile or dogmatic terms? Obviously it would be more productive to take a diplomatic and conciliatory approach that would make at least verbal and symbolic concessions to white people who think that affirmative action discriminates against them. But leftist activists do not take such an approach because it would not satisfy their emotional needs. Helping black people is not their real goal. Instead, race problems serve as an excuse for them to express their own hostility and frustrated need for power. In doing so they actually harm black people, because the activists' hostile attitude toward the white majority tends to intensify race hatred.

22. If our society had no social problems at all, the leftists would have to INVENT problems in order to provide themselves with an excuse for making a fuss.

23. We emphasize that the foregoing does not pretend to be an accurate description of everyone who might be considered a leftist. It is only a rough indication of a general tendency of leftism.

OVERSOCIALIZATION

24. Psychologists use the term "socialization" to designate the process by which children are trained to think and act as society demands. A person is said to be well socialized if he believes in and obeys the moral code of his society and fits in well as a functioning part of that society. It may seem senseless to say that many leftists are oversocialized, since the leftist is perceived as a rebel. Nevertheless, the position can be defended. Many leftists are not such rebels as they seem.

25. The moral code of our society is so demanding that no one can think, feel and act in a completely moral way. For example, we are not supposed to hate anyone, yet almost everyone hates somebody at some time or other, whether he admits it to himself or not. Some people are so highly socialized that the attempt to think, feel and act morally imposes a severe burden on them. In order to avoid feelings of guilt, they continually have to deceive themselves about their own motives and find moral explanations for feelings and actions that in reality have a non-moral origin. We use the term "oversocialized" to describe such people. [2]

26. Oversocialization can lead to low self-esteem, a sense of powerlessness, defeatism, guilt, etc. One of the most important means by which our society socializes children is by making them feel ashamed of behavior or speech that is contrary to society's expectations. If this is overdone, or if a particular child is especially susceptible to such feelings, he ends by feeling ashamed of HIMSELF. Moreover the thought and the behavior of the oversocialized person are more restricted by society's expectations than are those of the lightly socialized person. The majority of people engage in a significant amount of naughty behavior. They lie, they commit petty thefts, they break traffic laws, they goof off at work, they hate someone, they say spiteful things or they use some underhanded trick to get ahead of the other guy. The oversocialized person cannot do these things, or if he does do them he generates in himself a sense of shame and self-hatred. The oversocialized person cannot even experience, without guilt, thoughts or feelings that are contrary to the accepted morality; he cannot think "unclean" thoughts. And socialization is not just a matter of morality; we are socialized to confirm to many norms of behavior that do not fall under the heading of morality. Thus the oversocialized person is kept on a psychological leash and spends his life running on rails that society has laid down for him. In many oversocialized people this results in a sense of constraint and powerlessness that can be a severe hardship. We suggest that oversocialization is among the more serious cruelties that human beings inflict on one another.

27. We argue that a very important and influential segment of the modern left is oversocialized and that their oversocialization is of great importance in determining the direction of modern leftism. Leftists of the oversocialized type tend to be intellectuals or members of the upper-middle class. Notice that university intellectuals [3] constitute the most highly socialized segment of our society and also the most left-wing segment.

28. The leftist of the oversocialized type tries to get off his psychological leash and assert his autonomy by rebelling. But usually he is not strong enough to rebel against the most basic values of society. Generally speaking, the goals of today's leftists are NOT in conflict with the accepted morality. On the contrary, the left takes an accepted moral principle, adopts it as its own, and then accuses mainstream society of violating that principle. Examples: racial equality, equality of the sexes, helping poor people, peace as opposed to war, nonviolence generally, freedom of expression, kindness to animals. More fundamentally, the duty of the individual to serve society and the duty of society to take care of the individual. All these have been deeply rooted values of our society (or at least of its middle and upper classes [4]) for a long time. These values are explicitly or implicitly expressed or presupposed in most of the material presented to us by the mainstream communications media and the educational system. Leftists, especially those of the oversocialized type, usually do not rebel against these principles but justify their hostility to society by claiming (with some degree of truth) that society is not living up to these principles.

29. Here is an illustration of the way in which the oversocialized leftist shows his real attachment to the conventional attitudes of our society while pretending to be in rebellion against it. Many leftists push for affirmative action, for moving black people into high-prestige jobs, for improved education in black schools and more money for such schools; the way of life of the black "underclass" they regard as a social disgrace. They want to integrate the black man into the system, make him a business executive, a lawyer, a scientist just like upper-middle-class white people. The leftists will reply that the last thing they want is to make the black man into a copy of the white man; instead, they want to preserve African-American culture. But in what does this preservation of African-American culture consist? It can hardly consist in anything more than eating black-style food, listening to black-style music, wearing black-style clothing and going to a black-style church or mosque. In other words, it can express itself only in superficial matters. In all ESSENTIAL respects more leftists of the oversocialized type want to make the black man conform to white, middle-class ideals. They want to make him study technical subjects, become an executive or a scientist, spend his life climbing the status ladder to prove that black people are as good as white. They want to make black fathers "responsible," they want black gangs to become nonviolent, etc. But these are exactly the values of the industrial-technological system. The system couldn't care less what kind of music a man listens to, what kind of clothes he wears or what religion he believes in as long as he studies in school, holds a respectable job, climbs the status ladder, is a "responsible" parent, is nonviolent and so forth. In effect, however much he may deny it, the oversocialized leftist wants to integrate the black man into the system and make him adopt its values.

30. We certainly do not claim that leftists, even of the oversocialized type, NEVER rebel against the fundamental values of our society. Clearly they sometimes do. Some oversocialized leftists have gone so far as to rebel against one of modern society's most important principles by engaging in physical violence. By their own account, violence is for them a form of "liberation." In other words, by committing violence they break through the psychological restraints that have been trained into them. Because they are oversocialized these restraints have been more confining for them than for others; hence their need to break free of them. But they usually justify their rebellion in terms of mainstream values. If they engage in violence they claim to be fighting against racism or the like.

31. We realize that many objections could be raised to the foregoing thumbnail sketch of leftist psychology. The real situation is complex, and anything like a complete description of it would take several volumes even if the necessary data were available. We claim only to have indicated very roughly the two most important tendencies in the psychology of modern leftism.

32. The problems of the leftist are indicative of the problems of our society as a whole. Low self-esteem, depressive tendencies and defeatism are not restricted to the left. Though they are especially noticeable in the left, they are widespread in our society. And today's society tries to socialize us to a greater extent than any previous society. We are even told by experts how to eat, how to exercise, how to make love, how to raise our kids and so forth.

THE POWER PROCESS

33. Human beings have a need (probably based in biology) for something that we will call the "power process." This is closely related to the need for power (which is widely recognized) but is not quite the same thing. The power process has four elements. The three most clear-cut of these we call goal, effort and attainment of goal. (Everyone needs to have goals whose attainment requires effort, and needs to succeed in attaining at least some of his goals.) The fourth element is more difficult to define and may not be necessary for everyone. We call it autonomy and will discuss it later (paragraphs 42-44).

34. Consider the hypothetical case of a man who can have anything he wants just by wishing for it. Such a man has power, but he will develop serious psychological problems. At first he will have a lot of fun, but by and by he will become acutely bored and demoralized. Eventually he may become clinically depressed. History shows that leisured aristocracies tend to become decadent. This is not true of fighting aristocracies that have to struggle to maintain their power. But leisured, secure aristocracies that have no need to exert themselves usually become bored, hedonistic and demoralized, even though they have power. This shows that power is not enough. One must have goals toward which to exercise one's power.

35. Everyone has goals; if nothing else, to obtain the physical necessities of life: food, water and whatever clothing and shelter are made necessary by the climate. But the leisured aristocrat obtains these things without effort. Hence his boredom and demoralization.

36. Nonattainment of important goals results in death if the goals are physical necessities, and in frustration if nonattainment of the goals is compatible with survival. Consistent failure to attain goals throughout life results in defeatism, low self-esteem or depression.

37. Thus, in order to avoid serious psychological problems, a human being needs goals whose attainment requires effort, and he must have a reasonable rate of success in attaining his goals.

SURROGATE ACTIVITIES

38. But not every leisured aristocrat becomes bored and demoralized. For example, the emperor Hirohito, instead of sinking into decadent hedonism, devoted himself to marine biology, a field in which he became distinguished. When people do not have to exert themselves to satisfy their physical needs they often set up artificial goals for themselves. In many cases they then pursue these goals with the same energy and emotional involvement that they otherwise would have put into the search for physical necessities. Thus the aristocrats of the Roman Empire had their literary pretensions; many European aristocrats a few centuries ago invested tremendous time and energy in hunting, though they certainly didn't need the meat; other aristocracies have competed for status through elaborate displays of wealth; and a few aristocrats, like Hirohito, have turned to science.

39. We use the term "surrogate activity" to designate an activity that is directed toward an artificial goal that people set up for themselves merely in order to have some goal to work toward, or let us say, merely for the sake of the "fulfillment" that they get from pursuing the goal. Here is a rule of thumb for the identification of surrogate activities. Given a person who devotes much time and energy to the pursuit of goal X, ask yourself this: If he had to devote most of his time and energy to satisfying his biological needs, and if that effort required him to use his physical and mental facilities in a varied and interesting way, would he feel seriously deprived because he did not attain goal X? If the answer is no, then the person's pursuit of a goal X is a surrogate activity. Hirohito's studies in marine biology clearly constituted a surrogate activity, since it is pretty certain that if Hirohito had had to spend his time working at interesting non-scientific tasks in order to obtain the necessities of life, he would not have felt deprived because he didn't know all about the anatomy and life-cycles of marine animals. On the other hand the pursuit of sex and love (for example) is not a surrogate activity, because most people, even if their existence were otherwise satisfactory, would feel deprived if they passed their lives without ever having a relationship with a member of the opposite sex. (But pursuit of an excessive amount of sex, more than one really needs, can be a surrogate activity.)

Social relations and groupings only reflect mechanical and industrial conditions. The great facts of present industry are the displacement of human skill by machines and the increase of capitalist power through concentration in the possession of the tools with which wealth is produced and distributed.

Because of these facts trade divisions among laborers and competition among capitalists are alike disappearing. Class divisions grow ever more fixed and class antagonisms more sharp. Trade lines have been swallowed up in a common servitude of all workers to the machines which they tend. New machines, ever replacing less productive ones, wipe out whole trades and plunge new bodies of workers into the ever-growing army of tradeless, hopeless unemployed. As human beings and human skill are displaced by mechanical progress, the capitalists need use the workers only during the brief period when muscles and nerves respond most intensely. The moment the laborer no longer yields the maximum of profits, he is thrown upon the scrap-pile, to starve alongside the discarded machine. A dead-line has been drawn, and an age-limit established, to cross which, in this world of monopolized opportunities, means condemnation to industrial death.

The worker, wholly separated from the land and the tools, with his skill of craftsmanship rendered useless, is sunk in the uniform mass of wage slaves. He sees his power of resistance broken by craft divisions, perpetuated from outgrown industrial stages. His wages constantly grow less as his hours grow longer and monopolized prices grow higher. Shifted hither and thither by the demands of profit-takers the laborer's home no longer exists. In this helpless condition he is forced to accept whatever humiliating conditions his master may impose. He is submitted to a physical and intellectual examination more searching than was the chattel slave when sold from the auction block. Laborers are no longer classified by differences in trade skill, but the employer assigns them according to the machines to which they are attached. These divisions, far from representing differences in skill or interests among the laborers, are imposed by the employers that workers may be pitted against one another and spurred to greater exertion in the shop, and that all resistance to capitalist tyranny may be weakened by artificial distinctions.

While encouraging these outgrown divisions among the workers the capitalists carefully adjust themselves to the new conditions. They wipe out all differences among themselves and present a united front in their war upon labor. Through employers' associations they seek to crush with brutal force, by the injunctions of the judiciary and the use of military power, all efforts at resistance. Or when the other policy seems more profitable, they conceal their daggers beneath the Civic Federation and hoodwink and betray those whom they would rule and exploit. Both methods depend for success upon the blindness and internal dissensions of the working class. The employers' line of battle and methods of warfare correspond to the solidarity of the mechanical and industrial concentration, while laborers still form their fighting organizations on lines of long-gone trade divisions. The battles of the past emphasize this lesson. The textile workers of Lowell, Philadelphia, and Fall River; the butchers of Chicago, weakened by the disintegrating effects of trade divisions; the machinists of the Santa Fe, unsupported by their fellow-workers subject to the same masters; the long struggling miners of Colorado, hampered by lack of unity and solidarity upon the industrial battle-field, all bear witness to the helplessness and impotency of labor as at present organized.

This worn out and corrupt system offers no promise of improvement and adaptation. There is no silver lining to the clouds of darkness and despair settling down upon the world of labor.

This system offers only a perpetual struggle for slight relief within wage slavery. It is blind to the possibility of establishing an industrial democracy, wherein there shall be no wage slavery, but where the workers will own the tools which they operate, and the product of which they alone will enjoy.

It shatters the ranks of the workers into fragments, rendering them helpless and impotent on the industrial battle-field.

Separation of craft from craft renders industrial and financial solidarity impossible.

Union men scab upon union men; hatred of worker for worker is engendered, and the workers are delivered helpless and disintegrated into the hands of the capitalists.

Craft jealousy leads to the attempt to create trade monopolies.

Prohibitive initiation fees are established that force men to become scabs against their will. Men whom manliness or circumstances have driven from one trade are thereby fined when they seek to transfer membership to the union of the new craft.

Craft divisions foster political ignorance among the workers, thus dividing their class at the ballot box as well as in the shop, mine and factory.

Craft unions may be and have been used to assist employers in the establishment of monopolies and the raising of prices. One set of workers is thus used to make harder the conditions of life of another body of workers.

Craft divisions hinder the growth of class consciousness of the workers, foster the idea of harmony of interests between employing exploiter and employed slave. They permit the association of the misleaders of the workers with the capitalists in the Civic Federation, where plans are made for the perpetuation of capitalism and the permanent enslavement of the workers through the wage system.

Previous efforts for the betterment of the working class have proven abortive because limited in scope and disconnected in action.

Universal economic evils afflicting the working class can be eradicated only by a universal working-class movement. Such a movement of the working class is impossible while separate craft and wage agreements are made favoring the employer against other crafts in the same industry, and while energies are wasted in fruitless jurisdiction struggles which serve only to further the personal aggrandizement of union officials.

A movement to fulfill these conditions must consist of one great industrial union embracing all industries,—providing for craft autonomy locally, industrial autonomy internationally, and working-class unity generally.

It must be founded on the class struggle, and its general administration must be conducted in harmony with the recognition of the irrepressible conflict between the capitalist class and the working class.

It should be established as the economic organization of the working class, without affiliation to any political party.

All power should rest in a collective membership.

Local, national and general administration, including union labels, buttons, badges, transfer cards, initiation fees, and per capita tax, should be uniform throughout.

CONT'D

All members must hold membership in the local, national or international union covering the industry in which they are employed, but transfers of membership between unions should be universal.

Workingmen bringing union cards from industrial unions in foreign countries should be freely admitted into the organization.

The general administration should issue a publication representing the entire union and its principles which should reach all members in every industry at regular intervals.

A central defense fund, to which all members contribute equally, should be established and maintained.

All workers, therefore, who agree with the principles herein set forth, will meet in convention at Chicago the 27th day of June, 1905, for the purpose of forming an economic organization of the working class along the lines marked out in this Manifesto.

Representation to the convention should be based upon the number of workers the delegate represents. No delegate, however, shall be given representation in the convention on the numerical basis of an organization unless he has credentials—bearing the seal of his union, local, national or international, and the signatures of the officers thereof,—authorizing him to install his union as a working part of the proposed economic organization in the industrial department in which it logically belongs in the general plan of the organization. Lacking this authority the delegate shall represent himself as an individual.

Adopted at Chicago, January 2, 3, and 4, 1905.

The signers of the Manifesto were:

A. G. Swing
A. M. Simons
W. Shurtleff
Frank McCabe
John M. O'Neill
Geo. Estes
Wm. D. Haywood
Mother Jones
Ernest Untermann
W. L. Hall
Chas. H. Moyer
Clarence Smith
Wm. E. Trautmann
Frank Bohn

Jos. Schmidt
John Guild
Daniel McDonald
Eugene V. Debs
Thos. J. DeYoung
Thos. J. Hagerty
Fred D. Henion
W. J. Bradley
Chas. O. Sherman
M. E. White
Wm. J. Pinkerton
Frank Krafft
J. E. Fitzgerald

A labor organization to correctly represent the working class must have two things in view.

First—It must combine the wage workers in such a way that it can most successfully fight the battles and protect the interests of the working people of to-day in their struggle for fewer hours, more wages and better conditions.

Secondly—It must offer a final solution of the labor problem—an emancipation from strikes, injunctions and bull-pens.

Study the chart and observe how this organization will give recognition to trade and craft divisions, yet provide perfect Industrial Unionism and converge the strength of all organized workers to a common center, from which any weak point can be strengthened and protected.

Observe, also, how the growth and development of this organization will build up within itself the structure of an Industrial Democracy—a Workers' Coöperative Republic—which must finally burst the shell of capitalist government, and be the agency by which the working people will operate the industries and appropriate the products to themselves.

One obligation for all.

A union man once and in one industry, a union man always and in all industries.

Universal transfers.

Universal label.

An open union and a closed shop.

PREAMBLE TO THE IWW CONSTITUTION

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on, until all the toilers come together on the political as well as on the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor, through an economic organization of the working class without affiliation to any political party.

The rapid gathering of wealth and the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands make the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class, because the trade unions foster a state of things which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. The trades unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working-class has interests in common with their employers.

These sad conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or a lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Therefore we, the working class, unite under the following constitution.

The indignity of working-for-a-living is well-known to anyone who ever has. Democracy, the great principle on which American society is supposedly founded, is thrown out the window as soon as we punch the time clock at work. With no say over what we produce, or how that production is organized, and with only a small portion of that product's value finding its way into our paychecks, we have every right to be pissed off at our bosses.

Ultimately, of course, we need to create a society in which working people make all the decisions about the production and distribution of goods and services. Harmful or useless industries, such as arms and chemical manufacturing, or the banking and insurance scams, would be eliminated. The real essentials, like food, shelter, and clothing, could be produced by everyone working just a few hours each week.

In the meantime, however, we need to develop strategies that both prefigure this utopia AND counteract the day to day drudgery of contemporary wageslavery. **BossBusters**, a project of the Bay Area Wobblies, believes that **direct action** in the workplace is the key to achieving both these goals. But what do we mean by direct action?

Direct action is any form of guerrilla warfare that cripples the boss' ability to make a profit and makes him/her cave in to the workers' demands. The best-known form of direct action is the **strike**, in which workers simply walk off their jobs and refuse to produce profits for the boss until they get what they want. This is the preferred tactic of the AFL-CIO "business unions," but is one of the least effective ways of confronting the boss.

The bosses, with their large financial reserves, are better able to withstand a long drawn-out strike than the workers. In many cases, court injunctions will freeze or confiscate the union's strike funds. And worst of all, a long walk-out only gives the boss a chance to replace striking workers with a scab (replacement) workforce.

Workers are far more effective when they take direct action **while still on the job**. By deliberately reducing the boss' profits while continuing to collect wages, you can cripple the boss without giving some scab the opportunity to take your job. Direct action, by definition, means those tactics workers can undertake themselves, without the help of government agencies, union bureaucrats, or high-priced lawyers. Running to the National Labor Relations Board (N.L.R.B.) for help may be appropriate in some cases, but it is NOT a form of direct action.

What follows are some of the most popular forms of direct action that workers have used to get what they wanted. Yet nearly every one of these

tactics is, technically speaking, illegal. Every major victory won by Labor over the years was achieved with militant direct actions that were, in their time, illegal and subject to police repression. After all, until the 1930's, the laws surrounding labor unions were simple -- there were none. Most courts held labor unions to be illegal conspiracies in restraint of "free trade," and strikers were routinely beaten and shot by police, state militia, Federal troops, and private security goons.

The legal right of workers to organize is now officially recognized in the U.S., yet so many restrictions exist that effective action is as difficult as ever. For this reason, any worker contemplating direct action on the job -- bypassing the legal system and hitting the boss where s/he is weakest -- should be fully aware of labor law, how it is applied, and how it may be used against labor activists. At the same time, workers must realize that the struggle between the bosses and the workers is not a badminton match -- it is war. Under these circumstances, workers must use what works, whether the bosses (and their courts) like it or not.

Here, then, are the most useful forms of direct action:

SLOWDOWN

The Slowdown has a long and honorable history. In 1899, the organized dock workers of Glasgow, Scotland, demanded a 10% increase in wages, but met with refusal by the bosses and went on strike. Strike-breakers were brought in from among the agricultural workers, and the dockers had to acknowledge defeat and return to work under the old wages. But before they went back to work, they heard this from the secretary of their union:

"You are going back to work at the old wage. The employers have repeated time and again that they were delighted with the work of the agricultural laborers who have taken our place for several weeks during the strike. But we have seen them at work. We have seen that they could not even walk a vessel and that they dropped half the merchandise they carried; in short, that two of them could hardly do the work of one of us. Nevertheless, the employers have declared themselves enchanted with the work of these fellows. Well, then, there is nothing for us to do but the same. Work as the agricultural laborers worked."

This order was obeyed to the letter. After a few days the contractors sent for the union secretary and begged him to tell the dockworkers to work as before, and that they were willing to grant the 10% pay increase.

At the turn of the century, a gang of section men working on a railroad in Indiana were notified of a cut in their wages. The workers immediately took their shovels to the blacksmith shop and cut two inches from the scoops. Returning to work they told the boss "short pay, short shovels."

Or imagine this. BART train operators are allowed to ask for "10-501s" (bathroom breaks) anywhere along the mainline, and Central Control cannot deny them. In reality, this rarely happens. But what would management do if suddenly every train operator began taking extended 10-501s on each trip they made across the Bay?

WORK TO RULE

Almost every job is covered by a maze of rules, regulations, standing orders, and so on, many of them completely unworkable and generally ignored. Workers often violate orders, resort to their own techniques of doing things, and disregard lines of authority simply to meet the goals of the company. There is often a tacit understanding, even by the managers whose job it is to enforce the rules, that these shortcuts must be taken in order to meet production quotas on time.

But what would happen if each of these rules and regulations were followed to the letter? Confusion would result -- production and morale would plummet. And best of all, the workers can't get in trouble with this tactic because they are, after all, "just following the rules."

Under nationalization, French railroad strikes were forbidden. Nonetheless, railroad workers found other ways of expressing their grievances. One French law requires the engineer to assure the safety of any bridge over which the train must pass. If after a personal examination he is still doubtful, then he must consult other members of the train crew. Of course, every bridge was so inspected, every crew was so consulted, and none of the trains ran on time.

In order to gain certain demands without losing their jobs, the Austrian postal workers strictly observed the rule that all mail must be weighed to see if the proper postage was affixed. Formerly they had passed without weighing all those letters and parcels which were clearly underweight, thus living up to the spirit of the regulation but not to its exact wording. By taking each separate piece of mail to the scales, carefully weighing it, and then returning it to its proper place, the postal workers had the office congested with unweighed mail on the second day.

GOOD WORK STRIKE

One of the biggest problems for service industry workers is that many forms of direct action, such as Slowdowns, end up hurting the consumer (mostly fellow workers) more than the boss. One way around this is to provide better or cheaper service -- at the boss' expense, of course.

Workers at Mercy Hospital in France, who were afraid that patients would go untreated if they went on strike, instead refused to file the billing slips for drugs, lab tests, treatments, and therapy. As a result, the patients got better care (since time was being spent caring for them instead of doing paperwork), for free. The hospital's income was cut in half, and panic-stricken administrators gave in to all of the workers' demands after three days.

In 1968, Lisbon bus and train workers gave free rides to all passengers to protest a denial of wage increases. Conductors and drivers arrived for work as usual, but the conductors did not pick up their money satchels. Needless to say, public support was solidly behind these take-no-fare strikers.

In New York City, I.W.W. restaurant workers, after losing a strike, won some of their demands by heeding the advice of I.W.W. organizers to "pile up the plates, give 'em double helpings, and figure the checks on the low side."

SITDOWN STRIKES

A strike doesn't have to be long to be effective. Timed and executed right, a strike can be won in minutes. Such strikes are "sitdowns" when everyone just stops work and sits tight, or "mass grievances" when everybody leaves work to go to the boss' office to discuss some matter of importance.

The Detroit I.W.W. employed the Sitdown to good effect at the Hudson Motor Car Company between 1932 and 1934. "Sit down and watch your pay go up" was the message that rolled down the assembly line on stickers that had been fastened to pieces of work. The steady practice of the sitdown raised wages 100% (from \$.75 an hour to \$1.50) in the middle of a depression.

I.W.W. theater extras, facing a 50% pay cut, waited for the right time to strike. The play had 150 extras dressed as Roman soldiers to carry the Queen on and off the stage. When the cue for the Queen's entrance

came, the extras surrounded the Queen and refused to budge until the pay was not only restored, but tripled.

Sitdown occupations are still powerful weapons. In 1980, the KKR Corporation announced that it was going to close its Houdaille plant in Ontario and move it to South Carolina. The workers responded by occupying the plant for two weeks. KKR was forced to negotiate fair terms for the plant closing, including full pensions, severance pay, and payment towards health insurance premiums.

SELECTIVE STRIKES

Unpredictability is a great weapon in the hands of the workers. Pennsylvania teachers used the Selective Strike to great effect in 1991, when they walked a picketline on Monday and Tuesday, reported for work on Wednesday, struck again on Thursday, and reported for work on Friday and Monday.

This on-again, off-again tactic not only prevented the administrators from hiring scabs to replace the teachers, but also forced administrators who hadn't been in a classroom for years to staff the schools while the teachers were out. The tactic was so effective that the Pennsylvania legislature promptly introduced bills that would outlaw selective strikes.

WHISTLE BLOWING (THE OPEN MOUTH)

Sometimes simply telling people the truth about what goes on at work can put a lot of pressure on the boss. Consumer industries like restaurants and packing plants are the most vulnerable. And again, as in the case of the Good Work Strike, you'll be gaining the support of the public, whose patronage can make or break a business.

Whistle Blowing can be as simple as a face-to-face conversation with a customer, or it can be as dramatic as the P.G.&E. engineer who revealed that the blueprints to the Diablo Canyon nuclear reactor had been reversed. Upton Sinclair's novel *The Jungle* blew the lid off the scandalous health standards and working conditions of the meatpacking industry when it was published earlier this century.

Waiters can tell their restaurant clients about the various shortcuts and substitutions that go into creating the faux-haute cuisine being served to them. Just as *Work to Rule* puts an end to the usual relaxation of standards, Whistle Blowing reveals it for all to know.

SICK-IN

The Sick-In is a good way to strike without striking. The idea is to cripple your workplace by having all or most of the workers call in sick on the same day or days. Unlike the formal walkout, it can be used effectively by single departments and work areas, and can often be successfully used even without a formal union organization. It is the traditional method of direct action for public employee unions, which are legally prevented from striking.

At a New England mental hospital, just the thought of a Sick-In got results. A shop steward, talking to a supervisor about a fired union member, casually mentioned that there was a lot of flu going around, and wouldn't it be too bad if there weren't enough healthy people to staff the wards. At the same time -- completely by coincidence, of course -- dozens of people were calling the personnel office to see how much sick time they had left. The supervisor got the message, and the union member was rehired.

DUAL POWER (IGNORING THE BOSS)

The best way to get something done is to simply organize and do it ourselves. Rather than wait for the boss to give in to our demands and institute long-sought change, we often have the power to institute those changes on our own, without the boss' approval.

The owner of a San Francisco coffeehouse was a poor money manager, and one week the paychecks didn't arrive. The manager kept assuring the workers that the checks would be coming soon, but eventually the workers took things into their own hands. They began to pay themselves on a day-to-day basis straight out of the cash register, leaving receipts for the amounts advanced so that everything was on the up-and-up. An uproar ensued, but the checks always arrived on time after that.

In a small printing shop in San Francisco's financial district, an old decrepit offset press was finally removed from service and pushed to the side of the press room. It was replaced with a brand new machine, and the manager stated his intention to use the old press "for envelopes only." It began to be cannibalized for spare parts by the press operators, though, just to keep some of the other presses running. Soon enough, it was obvious to everyone but the manager that this press would never see service again.

The printers asked the manager to move it upstairs to the storage room, since by now it merely took up valuable space in an already crowded press room. He hemmed and hawed and never seemed to get around to it. Finally, one afternoon after the printers had punched out for the day, they got a moving dolly and wrestled the press onto the elevator to take it upstairs. The manager found them just as they got it into the elevator, and though he turned livid at this blatant usurpation of his authority, he never mentioned the incident to them. The space where the press had been was converted to an "employee lounge," with several chairs and a magazine rack.

MONKEY-WRENCHING

Monkey-wrenching is the generic term for a whole host of tricks, deviltry, and assorted nastiness that can remind the boss how much he needs his workers (and how little the workers need him/her). While all these monkey-wrenching tactics are non-violent, most of them are major social no-nos. They should be used only in the most heated of battles, where it is open wholesale class warfare between the workers and the bosses.

Disrupting magnetically-stored information (such as cassette tapes, floppy discs and poorly-shielded hard drives) can be done by exposing them to a strong magnetic field. Of course, it would be just as simple to "misplace" the discs and tapes that contain such vital information. Restaurant workers can buy a bunch of live crickets or mice at the neighborhood pet shop, and liberate them in a convenient place. For bigger laughs, give the Board of Health an anonymous tip.

One thing that always haunts a strike call is the question of scabs and strike breakers. In a railroad strike in 1886, the scab problem was solved by strikers who took "souvenirs" from work home with them. Oddly enough, the trains wouldn't run without these small, crucial pieces, and the scabs found themselves with nothing to do. Of course, nowadays, it may be safer for workers to simply hide these pieces in a secure place at the jobsite, rather than trying to smuggle them out of the plant.

Use the boss' letterhead to order a ton of unwanted office supplies and have it delivered to the office. If your company has an 800 number, have all your friends jam the phone lines with angry calls about the current situation. Be creative with your use of superglue. The possibilities are endless.

SOLIDARITY

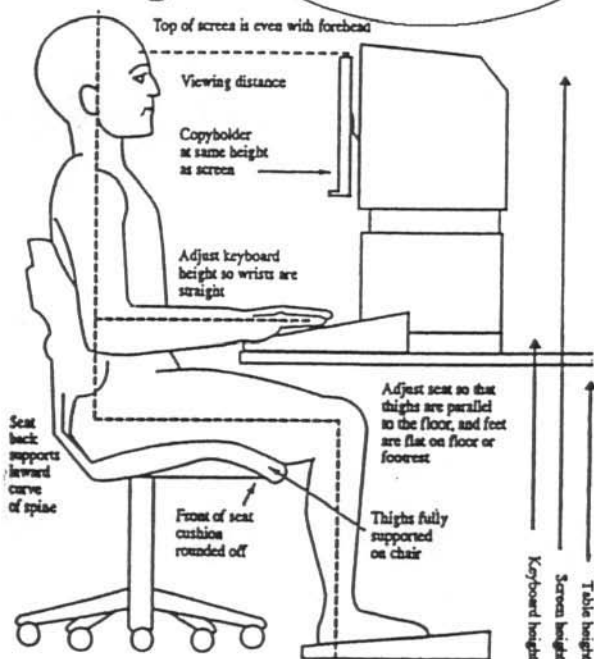
The best weapon is, of course, organization. If one worker stands up and protests, the bosses will squash him or her like a bug. Squashed bugs are obviously of little use to their families, friends, and social movements in general. But if all the workers stand up together, the boss will have no choice but to take you seriously. S/he can fire any individual worker who makes a fuss, but s/he might find it difficult to fire their entire workforce.

All of the tactics discussed here depend for their success on solidarity, on the coordinated actions of a large number of workers. Individual acts of sabotage offer little more than a fleeting sense of revenge, which may admittedly be all that keeps you sane on a bad day at work. But for a real feeling of collective empowerment, there's nothing quite like direct action by a large number of disgruntled workers to make your day.



This pamphlet was published by BossBusters, a project of the Bay Area I.W.W. (Industrial Workers of the World, or Wobblies). For additional copies, or for more information, call (415)863-9627, or drop by our office at 1095 Market Street, Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94103 (at 7th Street, Civic Center BART).

If this is so COMFORTABLE
why do I still HATE this job
AND why do I still WANT TO
shoot my boss and
COWORKERS?



The fruit-growing landowners of the golden state had determined to rid themselves of members of the I.W.W. The first move on their part was to introduce Japanese workers in the orchards and vineyards.

Some of the little yellow men joined the I.W.W. which, unlike many labor unions of America, admitted them the same as white or men of any other color.

But the Japanese were not satisfied to work for small wages under the miserable conditions imposed by the members of the Fruitgrowers' Association, so they formed coöperatives, saved their money, and began purchasing land for themselves, becoming serious competitors of their former employers.

Fearful that the Japanese would buy the entire fruit-growing section of California, having already bought most of the land in the Vaca Valley, laws were passed by the legislature forbidding the sale of land to Japanese, and a Federal law was passed at Washington restricting their immigration to the United States. There was already a law restricting the immigration of the Chinese.

The fruitgrowers were again compelled to employ migratory white labor, until a wonderful idea developed at one of the conventions of the Fruitgrowers' Association. One of the delegates got up and suggested that it would be possible to train monkeys to pick and pack fruit. This was decided upon without hesitation, and steps were taken at once to get a lot of monkey fruit pickers.

The Chimpanzee breed was decided upon as the most intelligent.

Splendid little houses, all nicely painted, were built and equipped for the monkeys. They were actually fed and taught what they were to do.

When the fruit got ripe, the owners brought their friends from the city to see how ingeniously they were solving the labor problem.

The monkeys were restless in their houses, as the air was aromatic with the ripened fruit. When they were turned loose, they hurriedly climbed the trees. But instead of doing as they had been taught—to bring the fruit down and put it in a box, the mischievous little rascals would dart about, selecting the choicest fruit, take a bite or two, throw the rest away, and go after more.

Before the day was gone, and the monkeys with paunches full had gone back to their houses, much damage was done.

The wise fruitgrowers had to seek another method. The next day each monkey had a muzzle put on.

They went up into the trees rapidly enough, but none of them would pick any fruit. They were busily engaged in trying to rid themselves of the frightful contrivance that prevented them from eating and enjoying themselves.

The fruitgrowers were in an awful predicament with so many monkeys to feed which would do no work in return. They appealed to the Governor of the State, who regretfully replied that as the offenders were not men, they were not amenable to the law. If they were I.W.W.s,

he could have them imprisoned, and perhaps have the leaders shot, but over monkeys he had no jurisdiction.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who had never interested itself on behalf of the I.W.W. or the Japanese, learning that the monkeys were being neglected, threatened to prosecute the fruitgrowers if the little animals were not properly taken care of.

The Chimpanzees came to be disliked as much as the I.W.W. Some of the fruitgrowers owned cotton plantations in Imperial Valley on which they had trouble in getting white and black wage slaves sufficiently docile for the work of picking cotton. It occurred to them that the monkeys could be made to pick cotton, and there would be no trouble about them trying to eat it.

So all the monkeys were shipped to the new location. Strange to say, they could pick cotton and at a speed that made their owners happy. Here was the solution of the labor problem as far as picking cotton was concerned. But their satisfaction was short-lived.

One day, while all the monkeys were at work, chattering while they gathered the white bolls of cotton, a gentle breeze wafted a white tuft from a monkey's hand. It amused him to see it floating through the air. He tossed up another bit, and another. The other monkeys, catching the spirit of the fun, began to do the same. At first little bits and then handfuls, till the air was full of fleecy cotton. It looked as though the first snowstorm had struck southern California.

The overseers were alarmed.

There was no way to stop the monkeys in their eager playfulness, which, before they had tired themselves out, had almost destroyed the entire crop of that particular plantation.

In some peculiar manner the monkeys on other plantations learned of the fun, and their pranks caused the same disastrous result.

The fruit and cotton growers were at their wits' end. They knew not what to do with the monkeys, until deportation was finally decided on, and the Chimpanzees were shipped back to the forests of Africa, where they now gather together and the eldest, with a grin on his face, hanging by his tail, tells the younger generation how they won the strike in California.

* FROM "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BIG
BILL HAYWOOD"

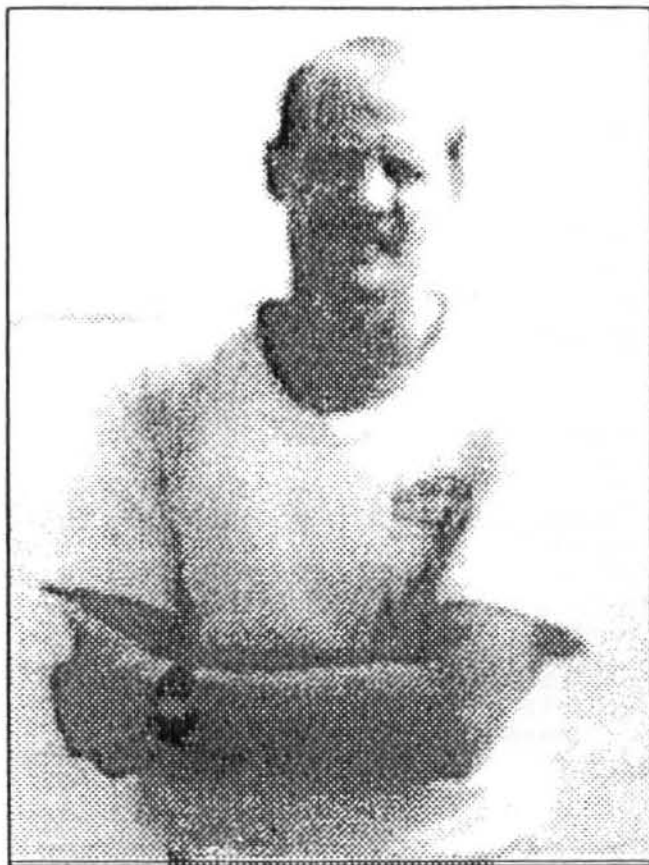
A REALLY BAD DAY AT WORK



you

just

don't



Hartford Courant via AP

Beck: Accountant killed four lottery employees and himself.

GET it

Do

you?

The C.G. Eye

Vol.2 No.4

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FREE

I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL BEFORE I SEE YOU ON
FRIDAY !

As if last months scheduling idiocy wasn't enough, those goddam mis-management pigfuckers have gone completely over the edge this time. Just when everyone was starting to get used to this fucked-up new schedule, those retarded assholes have started talking about working Fridays all through this summer, and not just eight hour shifts, which are bad enough, but 12 hours! Have you ever seen any of these lazy cocksuckers here past their eight-hour shifts (that doesn't include their two hour lunches and four hour smoking/coffee sessions of course). Those worthless overpaid pieces of shit are out the door everyday at 5pm, regardless of what problems we are having here. If those fuckheads had an ounce of brains between them, they'd realize that five days just means one more day of down time. Until they start to wake up and see that they could run everything we needed to run in 40 hours if they would just take the time and money to get that piece of shit press running right.

Anyway, this is still unofficial, we have only heard rumors, which is typical in this shit-hole. God forbid they tell us what the fuck is going on. I say, if they're going to fuck up our weekends for the summer, we should make them pay! A major, covert sabotage effort is underway in the plant. We must make it our mission to shut the motherfucker down! Let's make this the most unproductive summer they've ever had. If you're on the packaging line, scratch as many tickets as you can, or pass tickets that are obviously shit. Pressmen, run garbage, or, better yet, break the fuckin' press, shut it down! QC, "forget" to tell the pressmen about a big problem until they've run a ton of scrap. Software, program extra high-tier winners. Everyone needs to do their part. Smash, kick, spit, tear, destroy. If it aint broke, break it! That's the new CGI motto.

On an unrelated story, Pat Strauss gave her notice this week. This is going to be a major boost to the anti-CGI movement. We're looking at some major down-time. Software is in deep shit, and the only person who seems to know it is her replacement. Good luck, Pat!

Ho Chi Beck



"He who schedules, should think"-PADUCA PETE

Hey Beck (sung to the tune of 'Hey Jee')

Hey Beck, where you going with that gun in your hand?
Hey Beck, where you going with that gun in your hand?
I'm going down to shoot old Ott Brown
Killed him in the parking lot when he turned and ran
Hey Beck, heard you shot some lady down
Hey Beck, I heard you also shot some lady down
Yes I did, I shot her
Said 'Bye,bye' and shot her to the ground
I gave her the gun, I SHOT 'er
Hey Beck, heard you stabbed some guy in the neck
Hey Beck, heard you stabbed some guy in the neck
I stabbed the motherfucker
cause Conn. Lottery made me a nervous wreck
I had to kill him
cause Conn. Lottery made me a nervous wreck



DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE KILLING YOUR BOSS?





INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE

40. In modern industrial society only minimal effort is necessary to satisfy one's physical needs. It is enough to go through a training program to acquire some petty technical skill, then come to work on time and exert the very modest effort needed to hold a job. The only requirements are a moderate amount of intelligence, and most of all, simple OBEDIENCE. If one has those, society takes care of one from cradle to grave. (Yes, there is an underclass that cannot take physical necessities for granted, but we are speaking here of mainstream society.) Thus it is not surprising that modern society is full of surrogate activities. These include scientific work, athletic achievement, humanitarian work, artistic and literary creation, climbing the corporate ladder, acquisition of money and material goods far beyond the point at which they cease to give any additional physical satisfaction, and social activism when it addresses issues that are not important for the activist personally, as in the case of white activists who work for the rights of nonwhite minorities. These are not always pure surrogate activities, since for many people they may be motivated in part by needs other than the need to have some goal to pursue. Scientific work may be motivated in part by a drive for prestige, artistic creation by a need to express feelings, militant social activism by hostility. But for most people who pursue them, these activities are in large part surrogate activities. For example, the majority of scientists will probably agree that the "fulfillment" they get from their work is more important than the money and prestige they earn.

41. For many if not most people, surrogate activities are less satisfying than the pursuit of real goals (that is, goals that people would want to attain even if their need for the power process were already fulfilled). One indication of this is the fact that, in many or most cases, people who are deeply involved in surrogate activities are never satisfied, never at rest. Thus the money-maker constantly strives for more and more wealth. The scientist no sooner solves one problem than he moves on to the next. The long-distance runner drives himself to run always farther and faster. Many people who pursue surrogate activities will say that they get far more fulfillment from these activities than they do from the "mundane" business of satisfying their biological needs, but that it is because in our society the effort needed to satisfy the biological needs has been reduced to triviality. More importantly, in our society people do not satisfy their biological needs AUTONOMOUSLY but by functioning as parts of an immense social machine. In contrast, people generally have a great deal of autonomy in pursuing their surrogate activities.

AUTONOMY

42. Autonomy as a part of the power process may not be necessary for every individual. But most people need a greater or lesser degree of autonomy in working toward their goals. Their efforts must be undertaken on their own initiative and must be under their own direction and control. Yet most people do not have to exert this initiative, direction and control as single individuals. It is usually enough to act as a member of a SMALL group. Thus if half a dozen people discuss a goal among themselves and make a successful joint effort to attain that goal, their need for the power process will be served. But if they work under rigid orders handed down from above that leave them no room for autonomous decision and initiative, then their need for the power process will not be served. The same is true when decisions are made on a collective basis if the group making the collective decision is so large that the role of each individual is insignificant. [5]

43. It is true that some individuals seem to have little need for autonomy. Either their drive for power is weak or they satisfy it by identifying themselves with some powerful organization to which they belong. And then there are unthinking, animal types who seem to be satisfied with a purely physical sense of power (the good combat soldier, who gets his sense of power by developing fighting skills that he is quite content to use in blind obedience to his superiors).

44. But for most people it is through the power process—having a goal, making an AUTONOMOUS effort and attaining the goal—that self-esteem, self-confidence and a sense of power are acquired. When one does not have adequate opportunity to go throughout the power process the consequences are (depending on the individual and on the way the power

process is disrupted) boredom, demoralization, low self-esteem, inferiority feelings, defeatism, depression, anxiety, guilt, frustration, hostility, spouse or child abuse, insatiable hedonism, abnormal sexual behavior, sleep disorders, eating disorders, etc. [6]

SOURCES OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS

45. Any of the foregoing symptoms can occur in any society, but in modern industrial society they are present on a massive scale. We aren't the first to mention that the world today seems to be going crazy. This sort of thing is not normal for human societies. There is good reason to believe that primitive man suffered from less stress and frustration and was better satisfied with his way of life than modern man is. It is true that not all was sweetness and light in primitive societies. Abuse of women was common among the Australian aborigines, transsexuality was fairly common among some of the American Indian tribes. But it does appear that GENERALLY SPEAKING the kinds of problems that we have listed in the preceding paragraph were far less common among primitive peoples than they are in modern society.

46. We attribute the social and psychological problems of modern society to the fact that that society requires people to live under conditions radically different from those under which the human race evolved and to behave in ways that conflict with the patterns of behavior that the human race developed while living under the earlier conditions. It is clear from what we have already written that we consider lack of opportunity to properly experience the power process as the most important of the abnormal conditions to which modern society subjects people. But it is not the only one. Before dealing with disruption of the power process as a source of social problems we will discuss some of the other sources.

47. Among the abnormal conditions present in modern industrial society are excessive density of population, isolation of man from nature, excessive rapidity of social change and the breakdown of natural small-scale communities such as the extended family, the village or the tribe.

48. It is well known that crowding increases stress and aggression. The degree of crowding that exists today and the isolation of man from nature are consequences of technological progress. All pre-industrial societies were predominantly rural. The Industrial Revolution vastly increased the size of cities and the proportion of the population that lives in them, and modern agricultural technology has made it possible for the Earth to support a far denser population than it ever did before. (Also, technology exacerbates the effects of crowding because it puts increased disruptive powers in people's hands. For example, a variety of noise-making devices: power mowers, radios, motorcycles, etc. If the use of these devices is unrestricted, people who want peace and quiet are frustrated by the noise. If their use is restricted, people who use the devices are frustrated by the regulations. But if these machines had never been invented there would have been no conflict and no frustration generated by them.)

49. For primitive societies the natural world (which usually changes only slowly) provided a stable framework and therefore a sense of security. In the modern world it is human society that dominates nature rather than the other way around, and modern society changes very rapidly owing to technological change. Thus there is no stable framework.

50. The conservatives are fools: They whine about the decay of traditional values, yet they enthusiastically support technological progress and economic growth. Apparently it never occurs to them that you can't make rapid, drastic changes in the technology and the economy of a society without causing rapid changes in all other aspects of the society as well, and that such rapid changes inevitably break down traditional values.

51. The breakdown of traditional values to some extent implies the breakdown of the bonds that hold together traditional small-scale social groups. The disintegration of small-scale social groups is also promoted by the fact that modern conditions often require or tempt individuals to move to new locations, separating themselves from their communities. Beyond that, a technological society HAS TO weaken family ties and local communities if it is to function efficiently. In modern society an individual's loyalty must be first to the system and only secondarily to a small-scale community, because if the internal loyalties of small-scale communities were stronger than loyalty to the system, such communities would pursue their own advantage at the expense of the system.

52. Suppose that a public official or a corporation executive appoints his cousin, his friend or his co-religionist to a position rather than appointing the person best qualified for the job. He has permitted personal loyalty to supersede his loyalty to the system, and that is "nepotism" or "discrimination," both of which are terrible sins in modern society.

Would-be industrial societies that have done a poor job of subordinating personal or local loyalties to loyalty to the system are usually very inefficient. (Look at Latin America.) Thus an advanced industrial society can tolerate only those small-scale communities that are emasculated, tamed and made into tools of the system. [7]

53. Crowding, rapid change and the breakdown of communities have been widely recognized as sources of social problems, but we do not believe they are enough to account for the extent of the problems that are seen today.

54. A few pre-industrial cities were very large and crowded, yet their inhabitants do not seem to have suffered from psychological problems to the same extent as modern man. In America today there still are uncrowded rural areas, and we find there the same problems as in urban areas, though the problems tend to be less acute in the rural areas. Thus crowding does not seem to be the decisive factor.

55. On the growing edge of the American frontier during the 19th century, the mobility of the population probably broke down extended families and small-scale social groups to at least the same extent as these are broken down today. In fact, many nuclear families lived by choice in such isolation, having no neighbors within several miles, that they belonged to no community at all, yet they do not seem to have developed problems as a result.

56. Furthermore, change in American frontier society was very rapid and deep. A man might be born and raised in a log cabin, outside the reach of law and order and fed largely on wild meat; and by the time he arrived at old age he might be working at a regular job and living in an ordered community with effective law enforcement. This was a deeper change than that which typically occurs in the life of a modern individual, yet it does not seem to have led to psychological problems. In fact, 19th-century American society had an optimistic and self-confident tone, quite unlike that of today's society. [8]

57. The difference, we argue, is that modern man has the sense (largely justified) that change is IMPOSED on him, whereas the 19th-century frontiersman had the sense (also largely justified) that he created change himself, by his own choice. Thus a pioneer settled on a piece of land of his own choosing and made it into a farm through his own effort. In those days an entire country might have only a couple of hundred inhabitants and was a far more isolated and autonomous entity than a modern country is. Hence the pioneer farmer participated as a member of a relatively small group in the creation of a new, ordered community. One may well question whether the creation of this community was an improvement, but at any rate it satisfied the pioneer's need for the power process.

58. It would be possible to give other examples of societies in which there has been rapid change and/or lack of close community ties without the kind of massive behavioral aberration that is seen in today's industrial society. We contend that the most important cause of social and psychological problems in modern society is the fact that people have insufficient opportunity to go through the power process in a normal way. We don't mean to say that modern society is the only one in which the power process has been disrupted. Probably most if not all civilized societies have interfered with the power process to a greater or lesser extent. But in modern industrial society the problem has become particularly acute. Leftism, at least in its recent (mid-to-late-20th century) form, is in part a symptom of deprivation with respect to the power process.

DISRUPTION OF THE POWER PROCESS IN MODERN SOCIETY

59. We divide human drives into three groups: (1) those drives that can be satisfied with minimal effort; (2) those that can be satisfied but only at the cost of serious effort; (3) those that cannot be adequately satisfied no matter how much effort one makes. The power process is the process of satisfying the drives of the second group. The more drives there are in the third group, the more there is frustration, anger, eventually defeatism, depression, etc.

60. In modern industrial society natural human drives tend to be pushed into the first and third groups, and the second group tends to consist increasingly of artificially created drives.

61. In primitive societies, physical necessities generally fall into group 2: They can be obtained, but only at the cost of serious effort. But modern society tends to guarantee the physical necessities to everyone [9] in exchange for only minimal effort, hence physical needs are pushed into group 1. (There may be disagreement about whether the effort needed to hold a job is "minimal"; but usually, in lower- to middle-level jobs, whatever effort is required is merely that of obedience. You sit or stand where you are told to sit or stand and do what you are told to do in the way

you are told to do it. Seldom do you have to exert yourself seriously, and in any case you have hardly any autonomy in work, so that the need for the power process is not well served.)

62. Social needs, such as sex, love and status, often remain in group 2 in modern society, depending on the situation of the individual. [10] But, except for people who have a particularly strong drive for status, the effort required to fulfill the social drives is insufficient to satisfy adequately the need for the power process.

63. So certain artificial needs have been created that fall into group 2, hence serve the need for the power process. Advertising and marketing techniques have been developed that make many people feel they need things that their grandparents never desired or even dreamed of. It requires serious effort to earn enough money to satisfy these artificial needs, hence they fall into group 2. (But see paragraphs 80-82.) Modern man must satisfy his need for the power process largely through pursuit of the artificial needs created by the advertising and marketing industry [11], and through surrogate activities.

64. It seems that for many people, maybe the majority, these artificial forms of the power process are insufficient. A theme that appears repeatedly in the writings of the social critics of the second half of the 20th century is the sense of purposelessness that afflicts many people in modern society. (This purposelessness is often called by other names such as "anomic" or "middle-class vacuity.") We suggest that the so-called "identity crisis" is actually a search for a sense of purpose, often for commitment to a suitable surrogate activity. It may be that existentialism is in large part a response to the purposelessness of modern life. [12] Very widespread in modern society is the search for "fulfillment." But we think that for the majority of people an activity whose main goal is fulfillment (that is, a surrogate activity) does not bring completely satisfactory fulfillment. In other words, it does not fully satisfy the need for the power process. (See paragraph 41.) That need can be fully satisfied only through activities that have some external goal, such as physical necessities, sex, love, status, revenge, etc.

65. Moreover, where goals are pursued through earning money, climbing the status ladder or functioning as part of the system in some other way, most people are not in a position to pursue their goals AUTONOMOUSLY. Most workers are someone else's employee and, as we pointed out in paragraph 61, must spend their days doing what they are told to do in the way they are told to do it. Even most people who are in business for themselves have only limited autonomy. It is a chronic complaint of small-business persons and entrepreneurs that their hands are tied by excessive government regulation. Some of these regulations are doubtless unnecessary, but for the most part government regulations are essential and inevitable parts of our extremely complex society. A large portion of small business today operates on the franchise system. It was reported in the *Wall Street Journal* a few years ago that many of the franchise-granting companies require applicants for franchises to take a personality test that is designed to EXCLUDE those who have creativity and initiative, because such persons are not sufficiently docile to go along obediently with the franchise system. This excludes from small business many of the people who most need autonomy.

66. Today people live more by virtue of what the system does FOR them or TO them than by virtue of what they do for themselves. And what they do for themselves is done more and more along channels laid down by the system. Opportunities tend to be those that the system provides, the opportunities must be exploited in accord with the rules and regulations [13], and techniques prescribed by experts must be followed if there is to be a chance of success.

67. Thus the power process is disrupted in our society through a deficiency of real goals and a deficiency of autonomy in pursuit of goals. But it is also disrupted because of those human drives that fall into group 3: the drives that one cannot adequately satisfy no matter how much effort one makes. One of these drives is the need for security. Our lives depend on decisions made by other people; we have no control over these decisions and usually we do not even know the people who make them. ("We live in a world in which relatively few people—maybe 500 or 1,000—make the important decisions" — Philip B. Heymann of Harvard Law School, quoted by Anthony Lewis, *New York Times*, April 21, 1995.) Our lives depend on whether safety standards at a nuclear power plant are properly maintained; on how much pesticide is allowed to get into our food or how much pollution into our air; on how skillful (or incompetent) our doctor is; whether we lose or get a job may depend on decisions made by government economists or corporation executives; and so forth. Most individuals are not in a position to secure themselves against these threats to more than a very limited extent. The individual's search for security is therefore frustrated, which leads to a sense of powerlessness.

CGI Do's and Don'ts while at work

DON'TS

1. DO NOT make plans in advance
2. DO NOT have a life
3. DO NOT get used to any sleeping schedule
4. DO NOT have any outside relationships
5. DO NOT show any initiative
6. DO NOT expect concern or caring on the part of management
7. DO NOT interrupt cupholders during their many coffee breaks
8. DO NOT ask for a technician
9. DO NOT ask your supervisor for any information, as they will not have it
10. DO NOT disturb management after the end of their long eight-hour days
11. DO NOT expect equipment to work properly
12. DO NOT expect any preventative maintenance for anything except the coffee machine
13. DO NOT question the logic of management

DO'S

1. DO tie your children to a post when child care conflicts with changing work schedules(NOTE : CGI will not supply posts)
2. DO try to schedule your vacation on weeks that we have layoffs
3. DO have a notarized note from a team of doctors if you call in sick
4. DO direct all grievances to Pat Strauss
5. DO expect to have at least two morons on each shift
6. DO go to the restrooms to find out about official company policy

[Warning Signs]

OFFICE PSYCHOS: A CHECKLIST

From "Profile of a Workplace Killer," by forensic psychiatrist Dr. Martin Blinder, in the weekly Manager's Journal column of the February 10 Wall Street Journal. According to Blinder, the following traits are among the "yellow flags" management can use to identify "those employees most likely to engage in lethal acts of revenge."

Workplace killers are profoundly narcissistic, holding themselves up as superior, and may be inclined to such pronouncements as "Where do you get off criticizing me?" or "How dare you fire me?"

They interpret everyday events in an idiosyncratic and pernicious way. They are repeatedly offended by "slights" and are convinced that they are surrounded by "enemies."

They are prone to multiple-gun ownership and exhibit excessive interest in paramilitary groups, law enforcement, survivalist organizations, fascist history, etc.

They have what coworkers describe as "sour personalities."

They have drawers and boxes full of legal documents, which they are convinced prove their constant grievances.

They harbor persistent and inappropriate anger. Often they express great interest in and approval of violent acts reported in the press: spousal abuse, shooting sprees, capital punishment, etc.

They are utterly humorless. Should they attempt a joke, it typically involves an inappropriate subject—dismemberment, the Holocaust, etc.

They make cryptic but ominous statements, such as "Sooner or later everybody gets theirs."

Here are a few quotes you may have heard, which our sources tell us were inspired by these peoples experiences as packaging temps at CGI.

And you tell me over and over and over again my friend, now you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction - Barry McGuire

I love you. You love me. We're a happy family. - Barney

ooo-ooo that smell, can't you smell that smell?

ooo-ooo that smell, the smell that surrounds you! - Lynyrd Skynyrd

It's the working we avoid and we're all self-employed, we love to work at nothing all day - BTO

Flakes, flakes, they don't do no good - they never working when they oughta should, they lie and they're lazy, they can be drivin you crazy - FZ

Meet the new boss, same as the old boss. - Pete Townshend

Take this job and shove it, I ain't working here no more - Johnny Paycheck

Lying, cheating, hurting, that's all you seem to do. - Led Zeppelin

I see a bad moon a' risin - CCR

Ow ow oow ow ow aah aahh aahhahhahhahhah - Great gig in the sky, Pink Floyd

Some really good friends of mine, they blew up a factory, no one really knows how it happened, and they are still running free, and I think it's funny! - DC Dart

Go on, take the money and run! - Steve Miller

So let it be written, so let it be done!???
Didn't some famous SMART person say this already?

Rhett Butler

THE RICH GET RICHER

The United States has the widest gap between rich and poor of any of the world's largest industrial countries, according to a report by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD).

The report is more comprehensive than earlier studies that reached similar conclusions. It was designed, in part, to answer conservative analysts' criticism of the earlier surveys. The Paris-based OECD is a consortium of the world's 25 wealthiest nations and aims to coordinate their economic policies.

According to the report, the income of an American adult in the 90th percentile — who takes home more than 90 percent of all Americans — is 5.9 times the income of an adult in the 10th percentile. By comparison, in Finland, a 90th percentile adult earns only 2.59 times as much as one in the 10th percentile.

The OECD survey covered the 1980s, but a Center on Budget and Policy Priorities study found that the trend toward increasing inequality has continued. The center's analysis of Census Bureau data for the 1989-1994 period found that:

- Household income dropped for all groups except the richest.
- The bottom 40 percent of households received a record low of only 12.5 percent of income.
- The top 20 percent of households took in nearly half (49.1 percent) of income — a record high. The top five percent of households received 21.2 percent of income, another record high.
- The top 20 percent of households garnered four times as much income as the bottom 40 percent.

Between 1989 and 1994, incomes of the poorest fifth of the population in the United States fell 7.5 percent; incomes of the second poorest fifth fell 7.6 percent; incomes of the middle fifth fell 6.3 percent; incomes of the next richest fifth rose 3.6 percent; and incomes of the richest five percent of the population increased 10.8 percent.

— IGC Report

The C.G. Eye

Vol 2 No. 5

SPECIAL SEXUAL HARRASMENT ISSUE

FREE

It's not often that I enjoy working at CGI, but Friday, June 5 was one of those rare occasions. As anyone who was there can attest to, the "sexual harrasment seminar" (hereafter referred to as the "big joke") ran smoothly for about an hour of its three-hour running time, but when the fun began, it almost immediately degenerated into a circus atmosphere that we are all used to here at CGI. The consultant they hired to tell the big joke obviously came unprepared for the heavy attitude we all carry with us, and he was soon stammering, sputtering and sweating his way through his presentation, which began as a detailed reading of the handbook we were all given, and ended in a frenzied rush as he hurried to get as far away from CGI as possible. What was management thinking, sending a person who actually says "Gosh!" as an exclamation into a roomful of people who end every other sentence with the word "motherfucker"? Paul Hoffman knew all was lost when the consultant started sweating profusely and staring at the tip of his shoe. Basically, the attitude of everybody ther was "We all like to harass each other, and if some weakling can't take the abuse, maybe the little bitch should go home and cry to his/her mommy!" (I'm paraphrasing of course) Any way, it's a view I whole heartedly subscribe to. Why should we water down our conversations to the level of a fourth-grader just so the lowest common denominator wont be offended? Fuck the little weasels! and you know who you are! Bye bye!

Ho Chi Beck



If you can only go so far, why stretch it -

PADUCA PETE

Hey Pods, it's time for another game, this one is called Guess Who I Am.
But first, here are some quotes and words of wisdom from mismanagement.

* "This beeper here can be reached anywhere in the USA and Canada"
(That's nice, but, #1 can it reach the Comfort Inn in Pawtucket, and #2, will you answer it.)

* "If you're scheduled to work 12 hour shifts, you will be paid 12 hours for the holiday" (Unless we can find some way to screw you out of it.)

Now to the game:

1. Maybe if I use a small shovel, I can get this popcorn down faster.
2. I'll look into it and see what I can do, but first let me get a coffee, and a cigarette and go outside, coffee, cigarette, go outside, coffee, cigarette, go outside, coffee, cigarette, go outside, coffee, cigarette, go outside...
ad infinitum
3. Do you know the Morphing Man,
the Morphing Man
the Morphing Man
Oh, do you know the Morphing Man
He works at CGI
(sung to the tune of the Muffin Man)

* I don't wanna work, I want to bang on the drum all day
I don't wanna work, I want to bang on the drum all day
When I get home and it's right after work
I feel so frustrated, the boss is a jerk
I get my sticks, I go out to the shed
And I bang on that drum like it was the bosses head

RHETT BUTLER



WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD PEOPLE!

Do you have a Bachelor of
Arts degree?

Are you interested in a
corporate career?

Are you willing to get your
hands dirty?

Are you willing to work long
hours for low pay, and grovel
like there's no tomorrow?

If so then come join our
winning team!



"YOUR PAIN IS OUR GAIN"



CAUTION
THESE JOBS
MAY STEAL
YOUR LIFE

68. It may be objected that primitive man is physically less secure than modern man, as is shown by his shorter life expectancy; hence modern man suffers from less, not more than the amount of insecurity that is normal for human beings. But psychological security does not closely correspond with physical security. What makes us FEEL secure is not so much objective security as a sense of confidence in our ability to take care of ourselves. Primitive man, threatened by a fierce animal or by hunger, can fight in self-defense or travel in search of food. He has no certainty of success in these efforts, but he is by no means helpless against the things that threaten him. The modern individual on the other hand is threatened by many things against which he is helpless; nuclear accidents, carcinogens in food, environmental pollution, war, increasing taxes, invasion of his privacy by large organizations, nation-wide social or economic phenomena that may disrupt his way of life.

69. It is true that primitive man is powerless against some of the things that threaten him; disease for example. But he can accept the risk of disease stoically. It is part of the nature of things, it is no one's fault, unless it is the fault of some imaginary, impersonal demon. But threats to the modern individual tend to be MAN-MADE. They are not the results of chance but are IMPOSED on him by other persons whose decisions he, as an individual, is unable to influence. Consequently he feels frustrated, humiliated and angry.

70. Thus primitive man for the most part has his security in his own hands (either as an individual or as a member of a SMALL group) whereas the security of modern man is in the hands of persons or organizations that are too remote or too large for him to be able personally to influence them. So modern man's drive for security tends to fall into groups 1 and 3; in some areas (food, shelter, etc.) his security is assured at the cost of only trivial effort, whereas in other areas he CANNOT attain security. (The foregoing greatly simplifies the real situation, but it does indicate in a rough, general way how the condition of modern man differs from that of primitive man.)

71. People have many transitory drives or impulses that are necessarily frustrated in modern life, hence fall into group 3. One may become angry, but modern society cannot permit fighting. In many situations it does not even permit verbal aggression. When going somewhere one may be in a hurry, or one may be in a mood to travel slowly, but one generally has no choice but to move with the flow of traffic and obey the traffic signals. One may want to do one's work in a different way, but usually one can work only according to the rules laid down by one's employer. In many other ways as well, modern man is strapped down by a network of rules and regulations (explicit or implicit) that frustrate many of his impulses and thus interfere with the power process. Most of these regulations cannot be disposed with, because they are necessary for the functioning of industrial society.

72. Modern society is in certain respects extremely permissive. In matters that are irrelevant to the functioning of the system we can generally do what we please. We can believe in any religion we like (as long as it does not encourage behavior that is dangerous to the system). We can go to bed with anyone we like (as long as we practice "safe sex"). We can do anything we like as long as it is UNIMPORTANT. But in all IMPORTANT matters the system tends increasingly to regulate our behavior.

73. Behavior is regulated not only through explicit rules and not only by the government. Control is often exercised through indirect coercion or through psychological pressure or manipulation, and by organizations other than the government, or by the system as a whole. Most large organizations use some form of propaganda (14) to manipulate public attitudes or behavior. Propaganda is not limited to "commercials" and advertisements, and sometimes it is not even consciously intended as propaganda by the people who make it. For instance, the content of entertainment programming is a powerful form of propaganda. An example of indirect coercion: There is no law that says we have to go to work every day and follow our employer's orders. Legally there is nothing to prevent us from going to live in the wild like primitive people or from going into business for ourselves. But in practice there is very little wild country left, and there is room in the economy for only a limited number of small business owners. Hence most of us can survive only as someone else's employee.

74. We suggest that modern man's obsession with longevity, and with maintaining physical vigor and sexual attractiveness to an advanced age, is a symptom of unfulfillment resulting from deprivation with respect to the power process. The "mid-life crisis" also is such a symptom. So is the lack of interest in having children that is fairly common in modern society but almost unheard-of in primitive societies.

75. In primitive societies, life is a succession of stages. The needs and purposes of one stage having been fulfilled, there is no particular reluctance about passing on to the next stage. A young man goes through the power process by becoming a hunter, hunting not for sport or for fulfillment but to get meat that is necessary for food. (In young women the process is more complex, with greater emphasis on social power; we won't discuss that here.) This phase having been successfully passed through, the young man has no reluctance about settling down to the responsibilities of raising a family. (In contrast, some modern people indefinitely postpone having children because they are too busy seeking some kind of "fulfillment." We suggest that the fulfillment they need is adequate experience of the power process—with real goals instead of the artificial goals of surrogate activities.) Again, having successfully raised his children, going through the power process by providing them with the physical necessities, the primitive man feels that his work is done and he is prepared to accept old age (if he survives that long) and death. Many modern people, on the other hand, are disturbed by the prospect of death, as is shown by the amount of effort they expend trying to maintain their physical condition, appearance and health. We argue that this is due to unfulfillment resulting from the fact that they have never put their physical powers to any use, have never gone through the power process using their bodies in a serious way. It is not the primitive man, who has used his body daily for practical purposes, who fears the deterioration of age, but the modern man, who has never had a practical use for his body beyond walking from his car to his house. It is the man whose need for the power process has been satisfied during his life who is best prepared to accept the end of that life.

76. In response to the arguments of this section someone will say, "Society must find a way to give people the opportunity to go through the power process." For such people the value of the opportunity is destroyed by the very fact that society gives it to them. What they need is to find or make their own opportunities. As long as the system GIVES them their opportunities it still has them on a leash. To attain autonomy they must get off that leash.

HOW SOME PEOPLE ADJUST

77. Not everyone in industrial-technological society suffers from psychological problems. Some people even profess to be quite satisfied with society as it is. We now discuss some of the reasons why people differ so greatly in their response to modern society.

78. First, there doubtless are differences in the strength of the drive for power. Individuals with a weak drive for power may have relatively little need to go through the power process, or at least relatively little need for autonomy in the power process. These are docile types who would have been happy as plantation darkies in the Old South. (We don't mean to sneer at "plantation darkies" of the Old South. To their credit, most of the slaves were NOT content with their servitude. We do sneer at people who ARE content with servitude.)

79. Some people may have some exceptional drive, in pursuing which they satisfy their need for the power process. For example, those who have an unusually strong drive for social status may spend their whole lives climbing the status ladder without ever getting bored with that game.

80. People vary in their susceptibility to advertising and marketing techniques. Some people are so susceptible that, even if they make a great deal of money, they cannot satisfy their constant craving for the shiny new toys that the marketing industry dangles before their eyes. So they always feel hard-pressed financially even if their income is large, and their cravings are frustrated.

81. Some people have low susceptibility to advertising and marketing techniques. These are the people who aren't interested in money. Material acquisition does not serve their need for the power process.

82. People who have medium susceptibility to advertising and marketing techniques are able to earn enough money to satisfy their craving for goods and services, but only at the cost of serious effort (putting in overtime, taking a second job, earning promotions, etc.) Thus material acquisition serves their need for the power process. But it does not necessarily follow that their need is fully satisfied. They may have insufficient autonomy in the power process (their work may consist of following orders) and some of their drives may be frustrated (e.g., security, aggression). (We are guilty of oversimplification in paragraphs 80-82 because we have assumed that the desire for material acquisition is entirely a creation of the advertising and marketing industry. Of course it's not that simple.) [11]

83. Some people partly satisfy their need for power by identifying themselves with a powerful organization or mass movement. An individual lacking goals or power joins a movement or an organization, adopts its goals as his own, then works toward these goals. When some of the goals are attained, the individual, even though his personal efforts have played

only an insignificant part in the attainment of the goals, feels (through his identification with the movement or organization) as if he had gone through the power process. This phenomenon was exploited by the fascists, Nazis and communists. Our society uses it, too, though less crudely. Example: Manuel Noriega was an irritant to the U.S. (goal: punish Noriega). The U.S. invaded Panama (effort) and punished Noriega (attainment of goal). The U.S. went through the power process and many Americans, because of their identification with the U.S., experienced the power process vicariously. Hence the widespread public approval of the Panama invasion; it gave people a sense of power. [15] We see the same phenomenon in armies, corporations, political parties, humanitarian organizations, religious or ideological movements. In particular, leftist movements tend to attract people who are seeking to satisfy their need for power. But for most people identification with a large organization or a mass movement does not fully satisfy the need for power.

84. Another way in which people satisfy their need for the power process is through surrogate activities. As we explained in paragraphs 38-40, a surrogate activity is an activity that is directed toward an artificial goal that the individual pursues for the sake of the "fulfillment" that he gets from pursuing the goal, not because he needs to attain the goal itself. For instance, there is no practical motive for building enormous muscles, hitting a little ball into a hole or acquiring a complete series of postage stamps. Yet many people in our society devote themselves with passion to bodybuilding, golf or stamp collecting. Some people are more "other-directed" than others, and therefore will more readily attach importance to a surrogate activity simply because the people around them treat it as important or because society tells them it is important. That is why some people get very serious about essentially trivial activities such as sports, or bridge, or chess, or arcane scholarly pursuits, whereas others who are more clear-sighted never see these things as anything but the surrogate activities that they are, and consequently never attach enough importance to them to satisfy their need for the power process in that way. It only remains to point out that in many cases a person's way of earning a living is also a surrogate activity. Not a PURE surrogate activity, since part of the motive for the activity is to gain the physical necessities and (for some people) social status and the luxuries that advertising makes them want. But many people put into their work far more effort than is necessary to earn whatever money and status they require, and this extra effort constitutes a surrogate activity. This extra effort, together with the emotional investment that accompanies it, is one of the most potent forces acting toward the continual development and perfecting of the system, with negative consequences for individual freedom (see paragraph 131). Especially, for the most creative scientists and engineers, work tends to be largely a surrogate activity. This point is so important that it deserves a separate discussion, which we shall give in a moment (paragraphs 87-92).

85. In this section we have explained how many people in modern society do satisfy their need for the power process to a greater or lesser extent. But we think that for the majority of people the need for the power process is not fully satisfied. In the first place, those who have an insatiable drive for status, or who get firmly "hooked" on a surrogate activity, or who identify strongly enough with a movement or organization to satisfy their need for power in that way, are exceptional personalities. Others are not fully satisfied with surrogate activities or by identification with an organization (see paragraphs 41, 64). In the second place, too much control is imposed by the system through explicit regulation or through socialization, which results in a deficiency of autonomy, and in frustration due to the impossibility of attaining certain goals and the necessity of restraining too many impulses.

86. But even if most people in industrial-technological society were well satisfied, we (FC) would still be opposed to that form of society, because (among other reasons) we consider it demeaning to fulfill one's need for the power process through surrogate activities or through identification with an organization, rather than through pursuit of real goals.

THE MOTIVES OF SCIENTISTS

87. Science and technology provide the most important examples of surrogate activities. Some scientists claim that they are motivated by "curiosity"; that notion is simply absurd. Most scientists work on highly specialized problems that are not the object of any normal curiosity. For example, is an astronomer, a mathematician or an entomologist curious about the properties of isopropyltrimethylmethane? Of course not. Only a chemist is curious about such a thing, and he is curious about it only because chemistry is his surrogate activity. Is the chemist curious about the appropriate classification of a new species of beetle? No. That question is of interest only to the entomologist, and he is interested in it only because entomology is his surrogate activity. If the chemist and the entomologist had to exert themselves seriously to obtain the physical necessities, and if that effort exercised their abilities in an interesting way but in some nonscientific pursuit, then they couldn't give a damn about isopropyltrimethylmethane or the classification of beetles. Suppose that lack of funds for postgraduate education had led the chemist to become an insurance broker instead of a chemist. In that case he would have been very

interested in insurance matters but would have cared nothing about isopropyltrimethylmethane. In any case it is not normal to put into the satisfaction of mere curiosity the amount of time and effort that scientists put into their work. The "curiosity" explanation for the scientists' motive just doesn't stand up.

88. The "benefit of humanity" explanation doesn't work any better. Some scientific work has no conceivable relation to the welfare of the human race—most of archaeology or comparative linguistics for example. Some other areas of science present obviously dangerous possibilities. Yet scientists in these areas are just as enthusiastic about their work as those who develop vaccines or study air pollution. Consider the case of Dr. Edward Teller, who had an obvious emotional involvement in promoting nuclear power plants. Did this involvement stem from a desire to benefit humanity? If so, then why didn't Dr. Teller get emotional about other "humanitarian" causes? If he was such a humanitarian then why did he help to develop the H-bomb? As with many other scientific achievements, it is very much open to question whether nuclear power plants actually do benefit humanity. Does the cheap electricity outweigh the accumulating waste and risk of accidents? Dr. Teller saw only one side of the question. Clearly his emotional involvement with nuclear power arose not from a desire to "benefit humanity" but from a personal fulfillment he got from his work and from seeing it put to practical use.

89. The same is true of scientists generally. With possible rare exceptions, their motive is neither curiosity nor a desire to benefit humanity but the need to go through the power process: to have a goal (a scientific problem to solve), to make an effort (research) and to attain the goal (solution of the problem.) Science is a surrogate activity because scientists work mainly for the fulfillment they get out of the work itself.

90. Of course, it's not that simple. Other motives do play a role for many scientists. Money and status for example. Some scientists may be persons of the type who have an insatiable drive for status (see paragraph 79) and this may provide much of the motivation for their work. No doubt the majority of scientists, like the majority of the general population, are more or less susceptible to advertising and marketing techniques and need money to satisfy their craving for goods and services. Thus science is not a PURE surrogate activity. But it is in large part a surrogate activity.

91. Also, science and technology constitute a mass power movement, and many scientists gratify their need for power through identification with this mass movement (see paragraph 83).

92. Thus science marches on blindly, without regard to the real welfare of the human race or to any other standard, obedient only to the psychological needs of the scientists and of the government officials and corporation executives who provide the funds for research.

THE NATURE OF FREEDOM

93. We are going to argue that industrial-technological society cannot be reformed in such a way as to prevent it from progressively narrowing the sphere of human freedom. But because "freedom" is a word that can be interpreted in many ways, we must first make clear what kind of freedom we are concerned with.

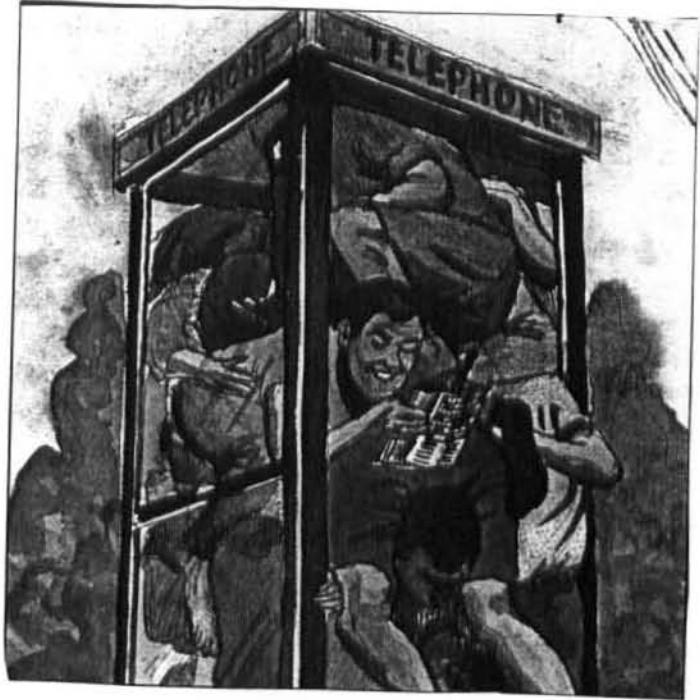
94. By "freedom" we mean the opportunity to go through the power process, with real goals, not the artificial goals of surrogate activities, and without interference, manipulation or supervision from anyone, especially from any large organization. Freedom means being in control (either as an individual or as a member of a SMALL group) of the life-and-death issues of one's existence; food, clothing, shelter and defense against whatever threats there may be in one's environment. Freedom means having power; not the power to control other people but the power to control the circumstances of one's own life. One does not have freedom if anyone else (especially a large organization) has power over one, no matter how benevolently, tolerantly and permissively that power may be exercised. It is important not to confuse freedom with mere permissiveness (see paragraph 72).

95. It is said that we live in a free society because we have a certain number of constitutionally guaranteed rights. But these are not as important as they seem. The degree of personal freedom that exists in a society is determined more by the economic and technological structure of the society than by its laws or its form of government. [16] Most of the Indian nations of New England were monarchies, and many of the cities of the Italian Renaissance were controlled by dictators. But in reading about these societies one gets the impression that they allowed far more personal freedom than our society does. In part this was because they lacked efficient mechanisms for enforcing the ruler's will: There were no modern, well-organized police forces, no rapid long-distance communications, no surveillance cameras, no dossiers of information about the lives of average citizens. Hence it was relatively easy to evade control.

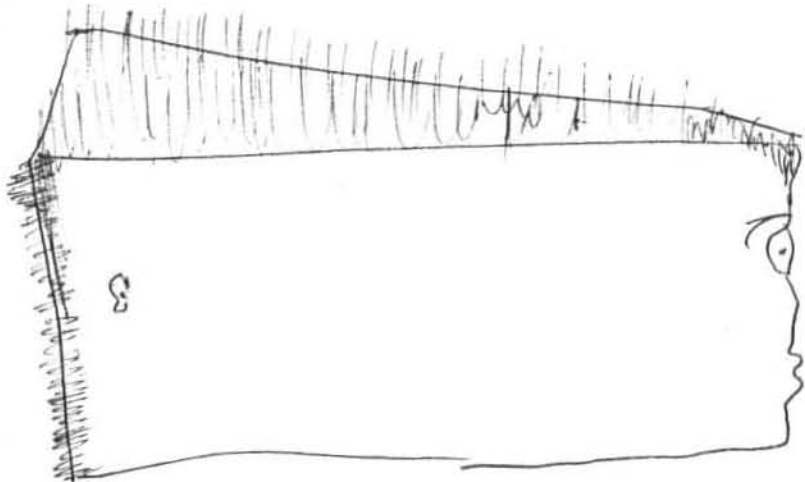
GUESS WHO I AM?

I am a :

tongue-chewing
wife-beating
repp-getting
divorce-hunting
bankrupt-being
back-stabbing
cottage cheese eating
earwax-digging
one-day-pay getting
blanket-smashing
Riverview not-paying
nose picking
picnic-table falling
crooked-walking
Flobee-using
snot-eating
4th grade-quitting
two-timing
bail bond getting
grocer suing
dog suing
accident suing
welfare cashing
knob dicking
child molesting
vomit inducing
oscar sucking
migraine faking
armwrestling losing
disney-skipping
riverside vacationing
apartment seeking
nail biting
stuttering
colorblind
mongoloid
inbred
freak
from Woonsocket



this is my new apartment



this is my portrait

so, WHO AM I? : _____

Well, you've all heard me rant many times in the past about mis-management and their infinite stupidity, but this issue I'm going to break rule I made myself and point out the ignorance and self-defeating behavior of some(most) of the employees in this shithole. A few months ago, when mis-management said that everyone would be working five twelve hour days throughout most of the summer, almost everybody freaked out and said "Bullshit", except, of course, for a few pressmen. The pressmen whod didn't say that ruined it for all of us, and ensured that we would all waste our summer slaving away in this fucking dump. Now, those same individuals who originally said they could use the OT are now complaining about how "the hours are killing me". Good! Fuck you! I hope you die, you rotten bastards! You pieces of shit caused me to be here Friday nights for the past two months. And those packaging idiots who stuck together at first and are now giving in and working the same hours those pigfuckers demanded in the first place, you're fucking useless too! Not only are you cocksuckers shooting yourselves in the foot, which personally I don't give a fuck about, but you're fucking me too. I don't know how many times I have to say this before it sinks into your thick fucking heads, but if we all stick together we can get a four day work week back. We did it before. This five day, twelve hour shit needs to end NOW!

Ho Chi Beck

The Farewell Issue

THE C.G. Eye - April 1, 2001

Well, that's it! It's finally over. Years of abuse, ignorance, apathy, and suppressed hostility is ending. I must admit, I'm a little saddened that the end came without violence.

Not surprisingly, things are still going exactly as they have for years: mismanagement is keeping us in the dark about any specifics of the closing, our severance, and even the last day of running. A few days left and these goddam bastards still don't have the decency to let us know what's going on. I don't know why I was foolish enough to think that they would somehow suddenly develop some sense of ethics.

It shouldn't surprise us really. If you remember, there were months and months of rumors about this place moving before Conn. FORCED mismanagement to tell us what was going on. Then we got a bullshit meeting with Miller, who told us that we all had jobs down there (except Doug Markey and a few line people), and that the people moving would get two weeks pay per year for moving expenses (except that you don't actually GET the money, it's just held in reserve for you and the mismanagement people have to approve how you spend it), and that the people not moving would get one weeks pay per year (except we found out that we have to sign a contract giving away ALL our rights to get it.)

Well, all I can say is - good riddance to this fucking place! I'm sure I speak for everyone when I say I'm sick of being lied to, having my schedule fucked with, benefits decreased, constantly threatened with the loss of a job, dealing with incompetent management, and so on.

Before the Eye closes for good, here are two things to think about

1. (If you have a weak stomach, skip to number two) Here's an interesting statistic: if you've been working here for 5 years, you have spent approximately 1.43 years worth of waking hours physically present in this shit-hole (this is calculated on a 50 hour work week, so obviously this number would be significantly less for management pods). If you've worked here more or less than five years, and want to figure out your wasted life ratio, use this formula:

1.43 - wasted life time (in years)

5 - length of employment

So think about this, what else could you have done with 1.43 years of your life? Spent time with your wife/husband/children, gotten an education, done some activity you enjoy, or that would have enriched your life? But don't think about it too hard, because you were here, breathing in toxic fumes in a 100 degree sweatbox, slaving away with people who didn't care, or who cared about stabbing you in the back so they could get ahead. Isn't working for a living wonderful? Are you sick to your stomach yet? Anyway, this brings me to my last point.

2. During your miserable 1.43 years in this dump, there had to have been times when you thought to yourself, "Isn't there a better way to live?" Well, the answer is yes. Long hours, shitty pay, and a complete separation from any part in the decision making process is NOT the way industry has to be run. Here's a little story:

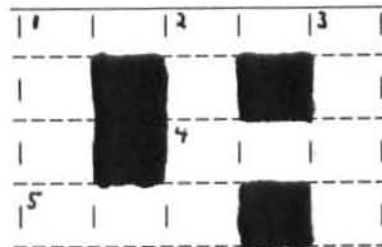
In the 1960's, Polaroid introduced a limited program of workers' control in one of its plants. Despite the fact that efficiency and productivity of plant operators soared beyond all expectations,

Polaroid eventually abandoned the project. Why? According to Polaroid's training directory Ray Ferris, "It was too successful. What were we going to do with the supervisors-the managers? We didn't need them anymore. Management decided it just didn't want operators that qualified."

Democracy works in the workplace too. People do generally know what's good for them, and they aren't going to elect some fuckhead to run the plant just because they're friends with that person, they'll elect the person who has the most experience and the best ideas, because they'll get the most out of it in the long run. Anyway, join a union, join a civic group, a community group, anything that is going to work toward bringing real democracy to the workplace, because I'm sure you don't want your kids being forced to work in the same degrading, unhealthy, wage-slave conditions that you've had to. Do a little research: read 'A People's History of the United States' by Howard Zinn, look up Mondragon corporations on the internet, or the IWW, or community currency, or syndicalism. There's a long history of people fighting for their rights in the workplace, don't let that history be forgotten, and most importantly, don't let the horrible experience of this placelower your expectations as to what is possible. Goodbye and good luck.

Ragnar Danneskjold
L.D. Lombrosio
Ho Chi Beck

1.



ACROSS *****

- (1) Describe pay at work
- (4) If you see the company pulling any crap, sick these people on them
- (5) The boss is NOT this for you

DOWN *****

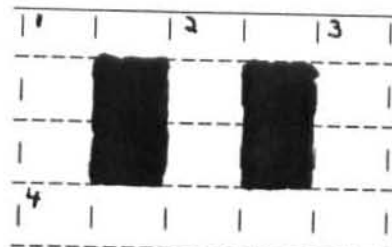
- (1) Words out of management's mouth
- (2) Ownerships intentions
- (3) What to add to the boss's drink

R.I.P.

Joe Mello
Bob McNeilly
Ron Derby
Paul Devine
Jim Carrick

Maurice Young

2.



ACROSS *****

- (1) Management's God
- (4) What you say if the boss dies

DOWN *****

- (1) What the owner's eat
- (2) Describe working conditions
- (3) Where you stand on the pay scale

Special thanks to Stallard Lacy
for the crossword puzzles.

Answers on next page.



1

1	C	H	2	E	A	3	F
R		V		I			
A		4	I	R	S		
5	P	A	L		S		

2

1	P	E	2	V	I	3	L
4		I		A			
N		L		S			
4	G	R	E	A	I	T	

"SO LET IT BE WRITTEN -- SO LET IT BE DUNG!!"

To: Bill Miller
From: 3rd Shift press, packaging and quality control
Re: Rumors
Cc: Bob Storti; Mike Kozdras; Paul Hoffman
Bill:

The members of 3rd Shift; packaging, press and Qc. request an opportunity to meet with you to discuss the on going rumors about the re-location of the company.

As you are no doubt aware, rumors about a move to Tampa have been running through the plant for several months now, and we would appreciate a chance to discuss these rumors and the facts, or lack of facts behind them, so that we can be aware of our future in this company.

Thank You

Dore Shuman
Mark R

Guillermo Cacer

Tom Moya
Robert

Samy Cardenas

Al Carter

Jessie Puff

Heather

Keneta Lemire

Neil Sepe

Donna Ernest